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The Coöperative Movement

BY MANYA GORDON

HERE is a book* of vast implications. As we shall see later on, it does not merely indicate "democracy's way out" but the best way out, for it is the way of individual initiative and decentralization. Mr. Fowler's engagingly written narrative is authoritative and penetrating but not in the least dogmatic. Coöperation as an antitoxin against our present economic confusion has nothing in common with the numerous cures that have been recently suggested and tried out. These are only palliatives. Some of them are helpful and all of them are expensive. Not one of them has attacked the root of the disease. Mr. Fowler's remedy is not costly. The requirement is intelligence rather than money. It is not new. There is nothing experimental about it.

Mr. Fowler believes that the Middle-Western farmers who have established consumer and producer coöperatives are striking at the very heart of our economic malady. One hundred million members of coöperatives scattered over forty countries would undoubtedly bear out his contention. Of these two million are Americans. Two million is a very small proportion of our population, but one must bear in mind that in the United States the serious application of the cooperative scheme for production and consumption is only about fifteen years old. The first gas and oil coöperative was formed in 1921. Mr. Fowler believes that the coöperative idea has emerged sound in every respect from our unprecedented industrial and economic collapse. From that point of view two million members are enough as a nucleus, especially when we read how big coöperatives out of small coöperatives grow.

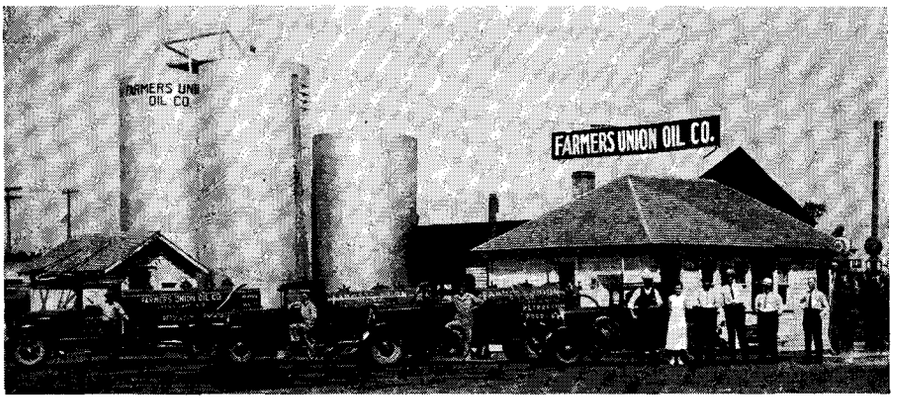
A consumer coöperative is a collective, profit-sharing organization which buys and sells its products. A producer cooperative is a profit-sharing organization which manufactures and sells its commodities. The credit societies are profit-sharing organizations which lend money to their members at a small percentage of interest. Their membership is usually made up of coöperatives. However, groups of individuals may establish credit societies. The objective of all coöperatives is the elimination of the middleman. All American coöperatives embody the principles of the first consumer cooperative established in England in 1834 by the twenty-eight Rochdale weavers. There is no class distinction; membership is open to everybody. The members pool their capital and sell stock, but the stock is non-voting. The man with fifty shares has one vote: the same as the man with one share. In order to provide against control by any individual there is no proxy voting. The surplus, after the deduction of all expenses connected with the running of the business and allowing a percentage for education and expansion in order to provide for the development from retail business to wholesale and from that point to production, is divided among the members according to their number of shares. The money acquired from the selling of a store or a factory is divided in the same ratio as the profits. The wholesale coöperatives are built on the same principle, but the shareholders are usually coöperatives rather than individuals.

The Freeborn County Coöperative Oil Company of Albert Lea, Minnesota, was formed in 1925 by a group of farmers with a capital of $500. After ten years, notwithstanding the depression, its assets total $125,000, and it has returned to its consumer members $250,000 in "patronage dividends." This is but one of many examples cited by Mr. Fowler of the success which the farmer has made of coöperative buying and selling, but the American farmer is not the only one who is beginning to understand the advantages of coöperation.

In 1932 a group of Negroes in Gary, Indiana, pooled their savings to the amount of twenty-four dollars, and embarked on a plan of coöperative buying. They had to fight hard to maintain their faith in the enterprise. The Consumers' Coöperative Trading Company is the result of their efforts. They now have a modern store on Gary's main street which in 1935 did a business of $35,000. Eight men in Flint, Michigan, in 1933-34, became interested in economics after reading Justice Louis D. Brandeis's "Other People's Money." They pooled their family fortunes to the amount of twenty-two dollars, and established a buying club. In June 1935 they established the Flint Coöperative Association. In November 1935, their sales totalled $3,000.

The Coöperative Society of Maynard, Massachusetts, organized by Finnish factory workers, did a business of $400,000 last year. Three consumer societies in Minneapolis, with a capital of seventy-five dollars, established a fuel-oil coöperative for their own membership. The first year its business totalled $25,000 and the second year, $65,000. At the same time it returned to its members a patronage dividend of five and one-half per cent.

This dividend was not derived through the exploitation of labor. Of the forty workers employed by the Maynard Cooperative Society as "errand boys, clerks, office girls, unskilled help in the milk plant" only four get less than $20 a



THE FARMERS' COÖPERATIVE AT DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.
Photographs on pages 3 and 4 by courtesy of The Coöperative League.

Next Week

SUMMER WILL SHOW
By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

WATERLOO
By MANUEL KOMROFF
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

* *CONSUMER COÖPERATION IN AMERICA; DEMOCRACY'S WAY OUT. By Bertram B. Fowler. Introduction by Marquis W. Childs. New York: The Vanguard Press.* 1936. $2.

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week. According to Mr. Fowler, the salary of a director of a coöperative is five times the minimum wage paid in his organization, and in order to increase his own income he must begin by increasing the minimum wage. Coöperative efficiency and profit are the result of democratic control. "The local society is the key unit. It is run by the consumers themselves, who elect their own board of directors and watch them for results. The board of directors, under the watchful eyes of the membership, govern the wholesale [coöperative]. The control and motivation comes from the bottom." This saves the huge sums paid, say, by chain stores to executives who in turn create an army of inspectors, district managers, and superintendents to watch the local manager. Coöperatives also save on advertising. Their voluntary membership does not have to be persuaded to buy at their stores.

Their returns are satisfactory, but they are modest, indeed, in comparison with the harvest of private profit to which the American farmer and consumer have contributed. Mr. Fowler cites the activities of one company in the Middle West:

> According to the statistics collected by the American Institute of Coöperation, one major oil company in 1929 took $275,000,000 in profits out of the ten Middle Western states in which it operated.

It is a tidy sum for a year in which the American farmer was already facing the full force of depression.

But, though we are dealing with beginnings, our author feels that the philosophy of coöperation has arrived.

> A peaceful revolution is going forward in America today. It is proceeding quietly, without the fanfare of trumpets, without rancor and without confusion. Its progress has been swift and sure. . . . By methods of consumer coöperation two million families have accomplished much toward providing for themselves not only such commodities as gasoline and oil, groceries, feed, fertilizer, and so on, but are building such services as insurance and credit, hospitalization and medical care.

Mr. Fowler's facts make absorbing reading and in the opinion of the present reviewer merit the attention of every lawmaker in the country. There is much more in them than meets the eye. They indicate a peaceful, evolutionary escape out of our present economic chaos. This is no European importation, even if American coöperatives follow the British Rochdale principles. It cannot be dismissed as a creation of the "reds," for it is the Middle Western farmer, so very recently branded as conservative and reactionary, who is the leader in coöperative activities. This makes it of the soil born.

Nor will the proverbial argument hold that coöperation cannot hope to satisfy the American standard of living and provide "one motor car for every 4.9 persons." This was advanced in refutation of the facts embodied in Marquis W. Childs's "Sweden: The Middle Way." Defenders of our present system who fasten their attention on the prevalence of the pleasure-giving automobile in the United States somehow conveniently forget our twenty per cent of unemployment and our slums. They omit the fact that in Sweden there may be only one car for every forty-one persons, but the Swedish farmers have electricity and conveniences that it implies, whereas eighty-five per cent of the American farmers are still compelled to use kerosene lamps.

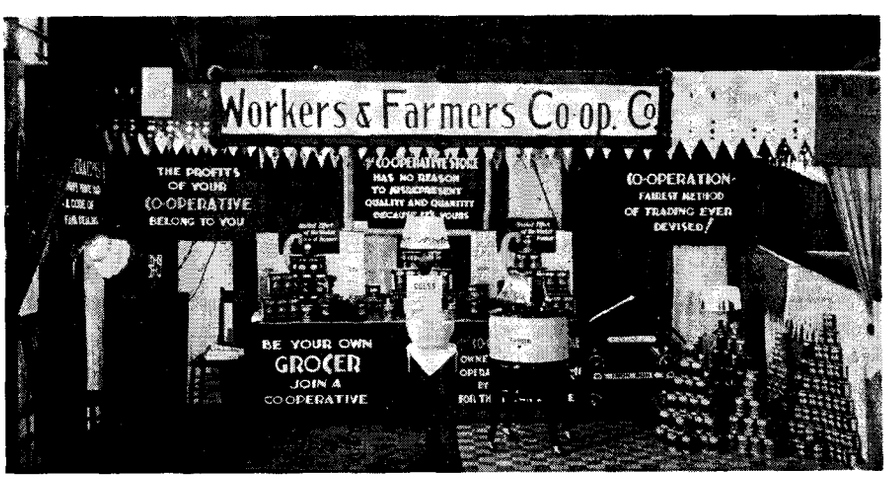
Other well meaning people, and that includes Mr. Childs himself, who tried to explain away the success of the Swedish coöperatives in terms of "education" and the "patience and homogeneity" of the Swedish people, will find themselves without an argument, after Mr. Fowler's book. One well-known American public man who made a study of the Swedish coöperatives brought back the conviction that what may be practical and attainable in a small country like Sweden will not do for our huge United States. A perusal of "Consumer Coöperation in America" may induce Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to revise his opinion. If that is not sufficient, a study of coöperation in Russia prior to the revolution should be conclusive.

CREDIT UNION AT ALBION, IND.
This is one of 4,000 coöperative banks, with 600,000 members.

The vast area of that country and her big population did not seem to impede the development of her coöperatives. Russia in 1917 was ahead of England, if we take coöperation in its widest sense, as covering both production and consumption. In many occupations, small groups of men engaged in active labor organized themselves into an Artel. Although the various Artels recognized the communal principle, their general characteristics varied. Some associations did not own their equipment. In that case, by general agreement, the wealthier members of the Artel who supplied the necessary implements, received extra compensation for their property. Again, there was the Artel which was hired by an employer, where the Artel members shared their earnings.

This method of association penetrated into every sphere of Russian industrial life. The best known were the Union of Tar Artels in the forestry industry, the Kustar, or cottage, industry Artels, and the Siberian Creamery Artels. The creamery Artels go back to the sixties of the last century but it was not until 1908 when they were combined into the Union of the Siberian Creamery Associations, that they assumed a dominant position. At the time of their consolidation their capital, all of it borrowed, amounted to $10,000. In 1916 the turnover of the Siberian Creamery Association amounted to nearly $40,000,000. They operated their own steamers, had a branch in London, and did a big export trade elsewhere. If I remember correctly they supplied Germany with three-fourths of her butter. In describing the Artel system Leroy-Beaulieu in his monumental study of Russia in the nineteenth century, says:

(*Continued on page 14*)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A COÖPERATIVE STORE, SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

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A Personal Historian's Novel

SANFELICE. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN

BY his fine performance in "Personal History" Mr. Sheean will have already prepared a large and expectant but also a somewhat critical audience for his novel. That is as it should be. The implications of Mr. Sheean's ability to report on life and historical trends which his autobiography and other books discover were too large, in some respects too important, to permit his readers to receive a merely satisfactory or mild performance in fiction as a just successor to his earlier work. As one of that audience, as one somewhat more than ordinarily familiar perhaps with the same historical scene that Mr. Sheean has now chosen to depict—from that standpoint—I have been asked to report on his novel.

LADY HAMILTON
After Tishbein.

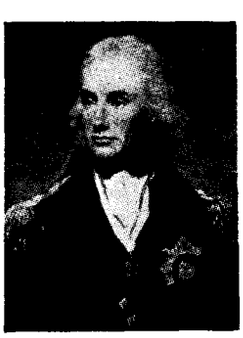
The report must be a highly favorable one. In brief, "Sanfelice" as a novel is a splendid and rich performance in the field of historical fiction. It is thrilling narrative. Its main and minor characters are, even when strange, vividly convincing. It develops a tragic love story full of sultry passion. Its social and historical implications are philosophically profound. All this Mr. Sheean has contrived, perhaps a mite too neatly, in less than 450 pages.

The setting of the story is Naples where the eighteenth century is drawing to a close with mutterings and tumult. The French campaigns in Italy have already shaken the old order loose. But in Naples the all but imbecile Ferdinand IV, "enormous and slovenly, his proboscis a wild caricature of the Bourbon nose . . . wrinkling with curiosity and alarm"—that gracious sovereign and his reactionary and tyrannical Hapsburg Queen, Maria Carolina, sister of Marie Antoinette, are still reigning.

To this preposterous court, whose prejudices, vile intrigues, and brilliant rococo setting Mr. Sheean so admirably describes, Sir William Hamilton, a classical hedonist, and the seventy-year-old husband of his terrific and "energetic" Lady Emma is British Ambassador. The real power lies, of course, in the hands of Lady Hamilton, one of the most remarkable harlots and beauties of her time. With both the Queen and the reactionary, superstitious beggar mob of Naples Milady's influence is paramount. She easily identifies her own desires as English policy. Indeed, she all but personifies herself as "England." And into all this welter of tyranny, incipient revolution, and female selfishness sails the British fleet under the great Admiral Lord Nelson, frantic with the pain of his numerous wounds and temporarily beside himself with glory, adulation, and flattery after his Victory of the Nile. The demi-god solaces himself in the arms of the Olympian Emma. The lightning that they play with gets loose and strikes, in particular, Naples.

Through the character of the heroine, Sanfelice, the reader is plunged immediately and deeply into the bubbling witches' broth brewing in Naples. From a great ball given at the British Embassy the story of the unhappy one, "the Sanfelice," is followed and interwoven with the tremendous historical events and social upheavals that follow. The rash declaration of war against the French by the Queen and Lady Emma, the consequent flight of the court on the British fleet to Sicily, the rise and fall of the ill-starred Parthenopian Republic, the hideous scenes of massacre attending the counter-revolution and the return of the Bourbons—all are powerfully evoked again in these pages. Not as mere spectacle, but fraught with a rich emotional and thoughtful meaning to modern eyes.

It is not essential here to detail much of the plot. It is a subtle and moving one. Suffice it to say that two great love stories; that of Sanfelice with her strange lover, the neurasthenic little advocate from Aquila, Fernando Ferri, and that of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, both link themselves inextricably into the chains of historical cause and effect. All in the end are seen to be dragged along by these chains, equally bound to the car of fate, which may here be called "the course of European history." It is to be expected that *as history* the affair of Nelson and Lady Hamilton might be treated successfully in a historical novel. But I think it is here his peculiar triumph as a novelist that Mr. Sheean has also been able, in such strong company, to project the story of the loves and tragedy of his heroine Sanfelice as equally important and true.



LORD NELSON
Portrait by Abbott.

This is accomplished as it ought to be in a good novel not by the mere involvement of mechanical plotting but by the sheer projection of character. And with Sanfelice Mr. Sheean is playing with the deepest and most difficult of character themes, the purely instinctive, the "primordial woman." If he is not entirely successful it is owing to the Mona Lisa smile. That smile the reader too feels turned upon him by Sanfelice, and in the presence of this woman who is consistently the victim of circumstances throughout life, and yet who triumphs by that fact even in her martyrdom, he is bound to be a little restless. Many women readers will, I feel, instinctively demand that the novelist should have permitted Sanfelice to rescue herself. Yet hers is the truly magnificent story in the novel, the thing that is truer and finer than ordinary. Her lovers were all ennobled and even made to surpass themselves by the experience of their passion for her. That the most worthless of these lovers was chosen for Sanfelice by an instinct that lay deeper than reason; and that "Reason" chose her against her will to personify the pure "Mother of the Parthenopian Republic"—and thereby accomplished her ruin—is no ordinary piece of plotting. It is genuine tragedy flowing out of the unavoidable clash of events and character evolved in the story; an artistic solution arising from both an emotional and philosophical necessity. For all of these lovers, Sanfelice and her cavaliers, Nelson and Lady Hamilton, are nice examples of Mr. Sheean's theme of "one person's relationship to living history." They are never, except in one possible instance, mere intellectual devices, however. They exist in their own right by living passionately.

Most of the discussion about this book will, I imagine, center about the story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton and her husband. There are few more interesting triangles in history. In his handling of this triangle Mr. Sheean gives us a careful and accurate historical study. But a living one. The notable thing to emerge from it is the most credible portrait of Lady Hamilton that exists in writing. None of her biographers have approached Mr. Sheean in this respect. The lovely classic head, the beauty, the abysmal ignorance, the hypnotic selfishness and devastating abuse of power by this prime example of femaleism rampant fairly blaze from Mr. Sheean's pages. The complacency of Sir William to Nelson's relationship with his wife is also convincingly detailed in this almost unique story of a "loving" relationship of three.

The portrait of Nelson, however, is to me the least satisfactory in the book. The needs of his story put the author under a rather subtle temptation to treat the great admiral as merely a stock figure of a hero incapable of a moral exercise of will. And the facts of history at this period of Nelson's life, it must be admitted, play aptly into Mr. Sheean's hands. Naples and Lady Hamilton were for Nelson a shameful and weak interlude. But it was an interlude. Just as Alexandria and

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Cleopatra were an interlude for Caesar. And we are given scarcely a hint of that possibility. Perhaps a certain modern hostility toward admirals and generals may have played its part here. At any rate, Nelson is treated with too little sympathy and so without enough understanding. Alone among the characters of this novel he remains somewhat of a device. For Nelson was not in reality the type of the conquering hero crowned with stupid laurel. He and Wellington were the two great individual answers developed by British culture to prevail by sea and by land against Caesarism reincarnated in Napoleon. The antidote worked, and neither of the gentlemen who applied it were fools. This, however, is hairsplitting about one character in a large novel.

Indeed, I should not lay too much stress upon the purely historical aspects of this book. The necessary leaven of unity, a Crocean theory of the drift of European history, has been applied to Mr. Sheean's mass of material, it is true. But the theory is implicit and does not interfere with his strong effects of life and reality. Incidentally, Mr. Sheean's novel is not strictly speaking romantic. He has worked here with strong material. Naples and its vicinity, particularly eighteenth century Naples, might reduce almost any novelist to a mere picturesque babbler about pseudo-classic scenes. But Mr. Sheean has risen above all that. He emerges from the test a novelist of unusually ponderable stature. The proscenium for his story is rococo. The familiar cone of Vesuvius appears upon the backdrop. The costumes are those of fan-painted scenes. But the curtain goes up upon a pregnant and enormously dramatic instant of history. The volcanic city seethes with tyranny and revolt. The plot unfolds like a Greek tragedy, dulness omitted. The performance is excellent. I advise you to get a front-row seat.

Readers of Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" will recall that the novel included an episode dealing with the period depicted in "Sanfelice."

Facts and Theories in History

THE DISCUSSION OF HUMAN AFFAIRS. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

OBVIOUSLY the discussion of human affairs is a subject of almost illimitable breadth. To deal with it adequately would require more than the "robust genius able to grapple with whole libraries" referred to by Samuel Johnson. A battalion of such super-scholars might not be able to exhaust the possibilities of the subject; indeed their disputations would probably leave it more confused than ever. In a somewhat whimsical sub-title to the present volume Professor Beard further elucidates his ambitious purpose as "An Inquiry into the Nature of the Statements, Assertions, Allegations, Claims, Heats, Tempers, Distempers, Dogmas, and Contentions which Appear when Human Affairs Are Discussed and into the Possibility of Putting Some Rhyme and Reason into Processes of Discussion."

In point of fact, however, the author is but little concerned with everyday discussion of human affairs by ordinary mortals save to demonstrate conclusively its enormous volume and general lack of accuracy. Many incisive comments are made regarding the person, the time, the place, the purpose, the preliminary assumptions, and the forms of statement involved. It is a curious fact that in dealing with these lower forms of discussion nothing is said of propaganda. Professor Beard's real interest lies elsewhere, namely in the more esoteric forms which the discussion of human affairs assumes when undertaken by specialists in history, economics, anthropology, sociology, politics, philosophy, religion, esthetics, "and all the other categories listed in a forty-volume encyclopædia." In this portion of his all-too-brief work he reviews with keen insight the efforts made to discuss human affairs, first, on the assumption that no assumptions are made; next on the assumption that particular facts exist, *i. e.*, facts isolated from the all-embracing historic context; and, finally, on the assumption that all is chaos in human affairs—history being therefore "a madhouse full of howling dervishes and efforts to put order and plan into it futile." Professor Beard's major postulate that "all human affairs are enclosed in history" affords him an opportunity to consider the validity of the claims made regarding "economic laws" and the accuracy of the predictions based thereon. He concludes that economics is not, as so many maintain, an "independent science"; that in truth "this goal cannot be reached unless government, culture, and history are likewise reduced to a science."

In a similar cool and critical manner Professor Beard discusses the merits of "the scientific method" in history; the historical theories based on analogy; the theories of cause and effect, of cycles, of society as an organism; of man as *homo sapiens*, as *homo faber*, as *homo economicus;* of history as made by the Superman. Particular attention is devoted to the methods by which historiographers analyze their own operations. In the end Professor Beard seems to pin his faith to the formulation of history as the idea of progress. Progress itself, however, is not defined in these pages. No doubt the theory which he favors would take account also of periods of retrogression.

"The Discussion of Human Affairs" is thus concerned with matters not so much of interest to laymen as to specialists in the various social sciences, particular emphasis being laid upon the findings of historiographers which, no doubt, will go ultimately before the Supreme Court of the Philosophers. There are, however, occasional interesting references to more mundane affairs. Thus Professor Beard notes in passing the current interpretations, Democrats blaming Mr. Hoover and Republicans blaming Mr. Roosevelt, for the depression which began in 1929. As for himself the author holds that it is impossible to demonstrate either contention. Nevertheless precisely this will be done by thousands of partisan orators and editors during the campaign.

And the upshot of the whole matter? The recognition of the faulty nature of the discussion of human affairs, even by pundits. "If this conception were widely accepted, it would take the edge off of conceit and bigotry, and might assist mankind in making the adjustments necessary in practical life." A consummation devoutly to be wished although not likely to be achieved soon. Even so one regret remains, namely that history would become much less interesting under the sway of Beard's rationalism.

To An Athletic Girl

By MAX EASTMAN

NOBLE and gentle Amazon, be true
To your stern vow. Give not with your curved lips
And kissing laughter, as the languid do,
Your keen-clasped arms, cool thighs, and slim firm hips,
And belly hard as gold, and breasts in hue
And mould like snowy morning, and the thrill
Of your deep supple thought—give not the will.
Give never with your gifts the giver too.
Walk in the earth when to this depth enraptured.
Walk far and fast. Let space and time renew
The inner clear flame-arrow and reset
The string. Walk with the sky's wind, the uncaptured.
Stand with the pines till solitary. Let
The firm earth, first as last, companion you.

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John Brown's Still Marching

BURNING CITY. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

READERS of "John Brown's Body" will not be disappointed in Mr. Benét's latest collection of verse. The qualities that made the early poem memorable—its virtuosity, its dramatic strength—are everywhere evident in "Burning City"; the faults—incoherency, uncertainty of attitude, obvious "influences"—are much less apparent; and the poet has managed to subject his passionate awareness of the feeling and taste and sound and motion of things to a strong discipline, with the result that the best of these poems have a clarity and a directness that were not wholly realized in "John Brown's Body."

This is, moreover, a versatile book. The critics of the Left can only be pleased to note that the most significant pieces are those which attack the fascist horror, elegize the betrayed Austrian Socialists of 1934, and comment scornfully upon the paradox of a civilization that makes a Hearst credible: they will be pleased by this, although I imagine that they will also regret that Mr. Benét's attitude is chiefly minatory and elegiac, and point out that he seldom even suggests a positive program. As for the critics who prefer literary Literature and are likely to look with distrust upon verse with a thesis, they can reflect that the poor Austrians are in Austria after all, that dictatorship is a peculiarly European disease, and concentrate their attention upon the shorter pieces—the whimsical "Old Man Hoppergrass" ("just the right touch of pathos"); the medieval-sounding "Complaint of Body, the Ass, Against His Rider, the Soul" ("the message of Excelsior, minus the absurdities"); the "Girl Child"; the "Sparrow"; the conventionally pacifist "1936"; and the three ("charming," "delicious") "Nightmares" at the end. Because I was greatly moved by the group of poems with a social purpose, and because most of the others merely touched me (at their best) or made me uneasy (at their worst), I'll take my chances as to the book's real worth on "Notes to Be Left in a Cornerstone," "Short Ode," "Ode to Walt Whitman," and especially "Litany for Dictatorships" and "Ode to the Austrian Socialists." "Old Man Hoppergrass" can wait ouside.

I am less sure of the "Cornerstone" poem and the "Short Ode" than I am of the others. The "Cornerstone" is dramatically right and full of clear, strong writing; but the voice is the voice not of Mr. Benét but of Archibald MacLeish. "Influences" are ticklish things to determine, and nothing is sillier than the kind of criticism which devotes itself to this branch of literary detective work; but occasionally it is necessary, and here it seems to me that the characteristic accents of MacLeish are so intrusive as to endanger the whole poem. The signature is observable in single lines; it is not assimilated: the by this time notorious dying-fall, for instance:

> Water at ends of streets and the boats hooting—

the falling cadence, caesura in the third followed by an *and*-clause with feminine ending: MacLeish over and over again:

> Afterward : north : on the sea : and the ships running—
>
> [*Conquistador*]

> America is West and the wind blowing . . .
> America is alone and the gulls calling . . .
>
> [*Epistle to be Left in Earth*]

MacLeish's subtle and unmistakable use of the demonstrative:

> Ah, brief it was in that city, but good for love!

or the utterly "Conquistadorean" turn of phrase in such a line as

> And the light wore out their hearts and they died praising it.

My hesitancy over "Short Ode" is for other reasons. This brief poem has dignity and vigor, but I do not feel that it is wholly successful. It suffers from a fault that occurs frequently in the shorter pieces in this book: a selfconscious running commentary on the immediate symbol that results not in clarifying it, but in weakening it.

> They died in mud, they died in camps of the flu,

says Mr. Benét, writing of the dead in the Great War; but then he adds,

> They are dead. Let us leave it so.

Now, in its context that first verse has a rightness that isolation destroys; but it is utterly stifled by the needless reflection that follows it. The statement, the image, is what matters; the reflection is a vacant gesture, a parenthetical "See what I mean?," and the "Ode" isn't long enough, or intense enough, to stand padding. What the poem should have been is suggested by the conclusion with the terrible quiet of its last line:

> You, who were young, remember that youth dies.
> Go, stranger, and to Lacedemon tell
> They were shot and rotted, they fell
> Burning, on flimsy wings.
> And yet it was their thought that they did well.
> And yet there are still the presidents, the kings.

Delete the fifth line, and the expression is perfect.

The poem on the Austrian Socialists and the "Litany for Dictatorships" are entirely successful. They suggest, of course, Spender's long "Vienna." Indeed, there is evidence in the "Ode" that it is intended as a comment upon "Vienna": for instance, Spender's exhortation to bring "daisies, nasturtium, cornflower, sorrell, dandelion" and so forth is met by Mr. Benét's "Bring no flowers here, / Neither of mountain nor valley." However that may be, it is a stronger poem than "Vienna," and an infinitely better weapon. Granted that Mr. Benét lacks Spender's subtlety of ear: he is master of a quality that you will seldom find in Spender—a clear, male objectivity of utterance. Spender's symbols are rich in associations and suggestiveness, but they are all too frequently imprecise, and I would submit that if it is your purpose to write a fighting-poem, a *poème à thèse*, precision is a better technic than impressionism.

These are the important poems: these social poems, and the magnificent "Ode to Walt Whitman," which is in the manner of "John Brown's Body" at its best. The others, shorter pieces mostly, in various loosely lyric forms, are of varying quality. A few are extremely good; more are inoffensive; and one or two strike me as being definitely bad. But no fault can be found with such a poem as "For City Lovers," perfectly integrated, or with the lovely little elegy called "Memory." Perhaps the most poignant of all these lyrics is "The Lost Wife,"—a poem which should, by all the signs, have failed completely: for it is a *compleynt* conceived in a curious galloping anapaestic tetrameter, its diction utterly colloquial, low in key; yet it can achieve this:

DRAWING BY CHARLES CHILD
From "Burning City."

> —Death, you have taken the great like sparrows,
> But she was so slight, so small, so human.
> You might have left her to lie beside me.

But so far as I am concerned, this is a good and valuable book because of the long poems in the first section. I do not mean that it is a good book because it attacks fascism and war and our systematic madness in general; but because these subjects happen, in Mr. Benét's case, to fire most completely the poet's imagination, and to evoke his surest craftsmanship. John Brown's still marching.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Boondoggling in Literature

THE fools of journalistic criticism who rush in where the angels of scholarship fear to tread have been scolded for their folly again and again. But are scholars always on the side of the angels?

Very little sound and perceptive criticism of literature has resulted from all the mass of investigation sponsored by American scholarship since the Germans taught us how to do research, and of that little, only a few books, though these distinguished, have come from professional scholars. When the word "boondoggling" came into fashion it was applied again and again by the ignorant to precisely such projects in minute and experimental investigation as have made science advance a cycle in a century. But now and then the critics hit upon a project so like the literary investigations which appear by title under the names of Ph.D.'s on a Commencement program as to rouse the satiric muse. Boondoggling, real boondoggling, began, one fears, in American scholarship.

Of these boondogglers the source hunters are the worst because they are usually the most honest, the most successful in earning their pay for work accomplished, and the most short-sighted. A list of theses, or a table of contents of a scholarly journal, supplies evidence only too convincing that to show where Writer A derived some of his ideas, some of his phrasing, establishes the claim of the author of the research to the proud title of scholar. It is not enough; and the fiction that the whole duty of the scholar is to dig out the facts upon which other men may build conclusions, should be exposed for what it is, a counsel of laziness or an excuse for the limitations of a mediocre mind. The sources of the creative work of a really important writer are relatively unimportant in themselves. He is a sensitive spirit, intensely alive in a world which reflects itself with extraordinary vividness in his mind. Life stirs him to quick reaction, ideas transmute themselves to his own coloring, books as well as men are his fuel; but nothing that enters his spirit comes out unchanged. What he takes is interesting, but it is what he does with it that is vital for an understanding of his work. His sources are meaningless until they become a part of himself. To study them apart from their transmutation is exactly equivalent to the analysis of food without reference to its metabolism.

This should be obvious, but apparently it is not. Here, for example, is one of the most original of American authors, Nathaniel Hawthorne, a writer, who, whatever one may say of his stiff morality, his sententious gloom, transformed everything he touched into a style which in the best sense expressed the subject through the man. He was a reticent person, who did not talk much about his reading, who left no chit-chat explaining where he assembled his facts, from what sources he drew his inspiration, what authors were his favorites, what books outside the current reading of his New England came his way and gave him food for reflection. It seems a laudable job, therefore, to investigate through his library borrowings and the internal evidence of his stories the background in print of his intellectual life. And this, in an article in the June number of the *Publications of The Modern Language Association*, entitled "Hawthorne's Literary Borrowings," has been efficiently accomplished by Mr. H. Arlin Turner. We find that Hawthorne read and borrowed from Cotton Mather, was influenced by Scott, used the Bible, read Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, and the Gothic romancers, was in debt to Southey and Mme. de Staël's "Corinne," and probably knew Hoffman and the German romanticists in translation. Other sources are added.

Here is the rather to be expected reading of a thoughtful man of the period, proved by definite borrowings, or more or less vague resemblances. But what of it? If Mr. Turner intends to go further we extend a half apology for these remarks, a half apology only, for what earthly service is performed by setting down in expensive print and paper these premises of an argument, this crude foundation of a criticism? Is the duty of scholarship discharged by telling us that Hawthorne borrowed the story of Adam and Eve from the Bible? Who cares what Hawthorne read unless that reading was for him and for us significant? What is its significance except in terms of Hawthorne? What is this research worth if it is not turned into criticism? One submits that it is worse than worthless, for to the unenlightened such an article as this one can leave only the impression that an author is a mere compiler, a clever plagiarist, a snapper-up of more or less trifles to make a new patchwork for immediate publication. "Only a few definite sources of Hawthorne, then, are discoverable," says the author. But these are not "sources of Hawthorne." The sources of Hawthorne are the efforts of his own creative genius. These so-called "sources" at the most are the clay out of which he made his bricks. The problem of what he built lies as far away from this research as the cathedral from the brickyard.

And unfortunately Mr. Turner's article is typical. Such boondoggling is common. It is rare in American scholarship to find researchers who know what to do, what must be done, with their facts. Are they lazy, or sand blind from their own investigations which never get beyond the clay and spittle out of which man was made?

G. K. Chesterton

After Kipling, Chesterton! Another of the characteristic figures that stem from the turn of the century, that era called the Nineties, is gone. This wit, philosopher, and great conversationalist was one of the first of the anti-Victorians, one of the last of the confident voices before the age of doubt. A Catholic, hurling his paradoxes into the last of the old nonconformist complacency of the nineteenth century, he belongs with Shaw in his skilful satire, with Kipling in his robust over-emphasis upon the things men ought to believe. His method of sarcasm was a simple one. Take something that Matthew Arnold or Gladstone or *The Spectator* might have said, and turn its meaning inside out. It was good fun, and good criticism when not too outrageous.

As a philosopher, Chesterton was better at breaking down than building up. His true function was a journalist man-of-letters. Here he had the many-sidedness of Dr. Johnson, and the intense interest in every kind of humanity of Charles Dickens, whom he so much admired. A useful rather than a great biographer, his "Ballad of the White Horse" is inspiring narrative verse, and his detective stories rise sometimes into literature. His criticism was always aware that there is a man behind every book.

Ten Years Ago

The corresponding issue of *The Saturday Review* in 1926 contained a review by Padraic Colum of Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars." This play, chronologically the first, completed a cycle of three with "The Shadow of a Gunman" and "Juno and the Paycock." To quote from Mr. Colum's review: "*The scene of all three plays is in the tenement-house district in Dublin and the catastrophes of all of them come out of the impact of the revolution. . . . Apart from its dramatic interest the trilogy has historical interest: it is written by a man who belonged to the citizen army and who shared the lives of the people he writes about. . . . It is as a partisan for pacifism that Sean O'Casey has written 'The Plough and the Stars.' That temper gives power to the play.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *No Such Thing as a Comedy Plot?*

Basic Comedy Situations

SIR:—My experience, over a period of years, in isolating a list of the Basic Comedy Situations, may be interesting to those who write. As far back as 1926 I began jotting down what appeared to me to be basic situations when I came across them in published stories, jokes, wisecracks, and on the screen. That was before Radio became such a purveyor of laughs. Such situations as "Passing the Buck," "Embarrassment," "The Boomerang," "The Chase," "The Insult," "Mimicry," "The White Elephant," "Spilling the Beans," "The Fizzle or Bloomer," "The Tirade or Tantrum," "Fool Luck," "Rubbing It In," "Ridiculous Comparisons or Associations," and many others which I recorded on my cuff or scribbled on the back of an envelope, while in a darkened theatre, riding on a street car, or in other inconvenient places to write, appeared to me to be basic.

When, in the summer of 1932, I got right down to business in making my analysis of comedy, I discovered that not a single one of my "situations" was basic. They were only variations. Ten thousand jokes, gags, and funny situations were clipped from newspapers and magazines by my staff of workers and pasted on cards. I had a carpenter build a cabinet with one hundred pigeon holes, in my office. Then I began my analysis and classification, as these cards were sorted out as they were placed in these pigeon holes. Ninety-some-odd basic situations confronted me when I disposed of the last card.

Then began the reclassification—accompanied by continuous argument and discussion between me and my very efficient secretary and co-worker, Miss Rena Vale, who is now in the story department of one of the big movie studios. We eventually discovered that the supposedly basic comedy situations hereinbefore mentioned were merely variations of the following, in the order named: Victimization, Mental Distress, Retribution, The Struggle and The Menace, The Affront, Ridicule, The Incubus, The Exposé, The Collapse, Loss of Control, The Paradox, Repetition, and Incongruity.

We finally reduced the list to thirty, and I was satisfied. In fact, I was pleased because there were not thirty-one, which is the number of Basic Dramatic Situations which I announced in 1926 after rejecting seven from Polti's list and adding two. I feared that I would be accused of arbitrarily arriving at the number thirty-one. What was my consternation when, walking down the street a few days later, my attention was seized and fixed on an electric sign in front of the Paramount Theatre, at Sixth and Hill Streets in Los Angeles, which screamed the words "Between the Devil and the Deep."

Immediately I knew I was doomed to add another basic comedy situation, and to a total of thirty-one. What was this? The Devil on one side and the Deep on the other! No chance to escape! A sacrifice must be made to one or the other.

"AND MY FAVORITE AUTHORS ARE JOHN O'HARA AND MR. LLOYD C. DOUGLAS."

Rena and I argued for two days about it. Alternately she or I tried to classify this situation under "The Menace" but failed to come to a satisfactory conclusion. One can escape from a menace. Here was a Dilemma. "The Dilemma"—Basic Comedy Situation Number Thirty-one!

Having now discovered the constituent parts of comedy, in the form of these thirty-one basic comedy situations, we began to analyze jokes and funny situations—to put the new discovery on the testing block, as it were. We made the interesting observation that practically every joke or funny situation contains two or more of the basic situations. In other words, they are composite. Some contain a dozen or more, packed closely together and blending into one another. The more there are the funnier is the situation or joke. Sour jokes have only one or two, sometimes just one.

WYCLIFFE A. HILL.

Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. Dooley and Mr. Lucas

SIR:—Apropos of your recent articles on "Mr. Dooley," it is rather odd that in his autobiographical medley, "Reading, Writing and Remembering," which Mr. E. V. Lucas brought out in 1932 (published by Harpers in the States), although there is mention of the author's association as Reader for Mr. Grant Richards at the end of the century and certain of his recommendations are cited, there is no word of Mr. Dooley. But it was Mr. Lucas who first drew English attention to that witty sage and persuaded Mr. Richards to publish him. That was a long time ago and there have been many American humorists since, but none so pointed and sagacious and indeed irresistible as the commentator on life in the bar in the Archey Road, Chicago. Finley Peter Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley, was once asked by Hennessy, his "stooge," if he was ever going to Westminster Abbey. "Not while I live," he replied. But, alas, his burial place is Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

J. B. GANNET.

London.

Poets and Editors

SIR:—As a student of poetry in several languages over a period of years, and as a member of the great American reading public, may I add a comment on Elizabeth Drew's interesting article on modern poetry.

Like your correspondent, Katharine Salter, whose letter I enjoyed, I start, hopefully, to read poems in the various periodicals, but I seldom get beyond the first few lines, as they are usually so uninteresting, so lacking in music and in that quality, present in all fine poetry, of linking the transient with the eternal.

I should not quarrel so much with their lack of communication—I enjoy many poems that I do not fully understand—but I deplore the evident determination of modern poets to be fantastic.

I fear that editors and publishers are partly responsible for these strange effusions in verse form, as they, the editors and publishers, turn a jaundiced eye on anything that bears a touch of the traditional.

MARY GRAY.

Hartford, Conn.

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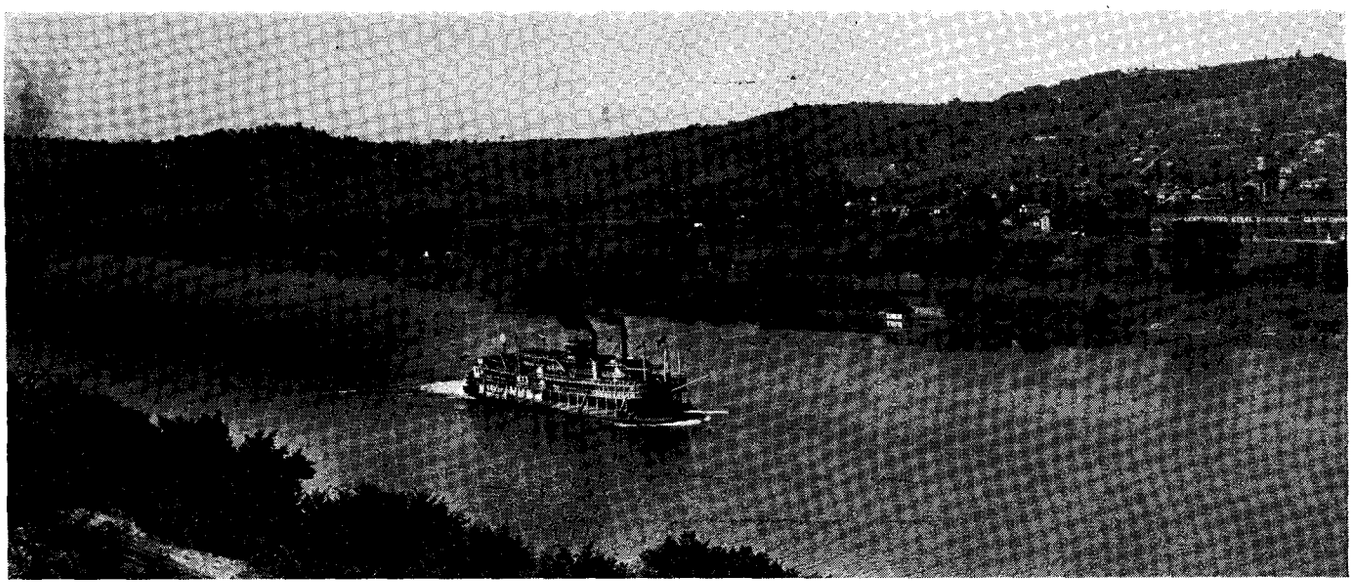

"THE OHIO RIVER PACKET PLIES ITS WAY"—*From "Sycamore Shores."*

Traveling for Adventure

BY KATHERINE WOODS

PRECISELY as the *Queen Mary* comes up the Bay, and the eyes of New York are all a-gleam for the initial impact of her vastness, the writter's attention falls upon this:

> The first sight of her was good. She was ketch-rigged, fifty-four feet in length, fifteen feet in beam, with a draft of seven feet, and twenty-one net tons register. She looked able, though not beautiful. Her lines were bluff and hard, but there was power there, honesty of purpose, in a workmanlike little ship that could go anywhere and stand any weather. Surely this was a good ship for a young man's first command at sea.

The "good ship" went 6000 miles in the voyage that marked the "young man's first command," and the ship and the voyage supply, here, the material for a travel book. But my own mind still plays about with the thought of the *Queen Mary*, and the *Normandie*—and, for that matter, all the floating palaces of the seven seas—in considering not only this travel book but the others that lie beside it.* As a matter of contrast. For, in one way or another, all these books treat of travel as adventure: not adventure as a worked-up stunt (these are good books), but travel that either goes to unusual places, that visits familiar places in an unusual way, or that has in it some unusual quality of excitement; and where it is travel for pleasure it is done inexpensively. Like so many other things in life, travel books divide themselves with complete obviousness into two classes; the books here considered do not offer any particular aid or comfort to the summer traveller: they are books for the reader to enjoy for their own sake: their experience and their observation.

Young Philip Rigg, for example, sailed his tiny ship from Greece to Florida: that was his job. Juanita Harrison worked her way over most of the earth's surface. J. G. Hides went out to capture cannibals, doubly armed with the surprising realization that the cannibals and the conquering white men had a good deal in common as human beings. The writers who traveled for pleasure were making their explorations in individual ways, and they have written about the world as they saw it.

Zephine Humphrey's book has the finest literary quality. It is written by an essayist and it is about the United States, but it falls into the travel-as-adventure category none the less, and it will give many a stay-at-home some new ideas about his country. Miss Humphrey and her husband drove from Vermont to California and spent the winter there, making their way westward through the southern states, and returning home, by a route not lacking in excitement, through the Rocky Mountains in the spring. In "Green Mountains to Sierras" the author has set down what they did and what they saw, with the lovely skill in words which is her personal talent, and with the blend of detachment and sympathy which is essential to the value of any travel book. From their dark flight across the Pennsylvania coal fields, where "not only ugliness but misery" was apparent in "a black blasted realm"; through their silence at the Grand Canyon "in the presence of the most beautiful thing we had either of us ever seen or heard or read or felt or imagined"; on to the bright unrealities of California and to the ancient memories that exist beside them; through Death Valley, to a Mormon church service; with the Indians at Taos, wishing we might learn from them—from beginning to end, in vividness and thoughtfulness and sympathy, there is much more than mere entertainment in this book.

As "Green Mountains to Sierras" brings us wisdom and friendly humor from an American journey, "Sycamore Shores" brings both novelty and charm.

It has so much charm, that before my own eyes, reading it, appears suddenly another scene: the lovely green reaches of the Seine Valley, and the long barges winding along that ancient waterway, and Richard's Saucy Castle on its hill. . . . The reminiscent charm, the simple beauty, the storied association of a river valley in France or England is to be found here in a dozen river valleys in the United States—not the Hudson or the Susquehanna, but the rivers which are, the author says, the "last wilderness" of the Old West. And the charm, you understand, is neither imitative nor literary: it lies in what the author has to tell his readers, in the thing itself: the rivers, their variety, their stories, the survival of the river life.

Mr. Firestone has lived much of his life, one gathers, in sight and sound of

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* *SOUTHERN CROSSING. By Philip Rigg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1936. $2.50.

GREEN MOUNTAINS TO SIERRAS. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $2.50.

SYCAMORE SHORES. By Clark B. Firestone. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1936. $3.

MY GREAT WIDE BEAUTIFUL WORLD. By Juanita Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

SAVAGE PATROL. By J. G. Hides. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1936. $2.75.

PAPUAN EPIC. By Keith Bushell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1936. $5.

TICKETS, PLEASE! By V. C. Buckley. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $3.50.

KHYBER CARAVAN. By Gordon Sinclair, F.R.G.S. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $3.

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the Ohio river and its tributaries; he writes from the knowledge of years, and he loves the Ohio "like a woman," as the British statesman loved France. The "most significant of all American rivers," it is of all our larger rivers, he avers, the "fairest to the eye"; and he reminds us that the French explorers, "who knew most of the streams of North America," named it *"la belle Rivière."* But he does not confine his journeys to the meanderings of the Ohio alone; on the water and along the shore and into the valley wilderness, he follows other streams—amazingly varied, in aspect and in story—and at last he takes a packet boat down the course of the Father of Waters itself.

For there are still packet boats. There are still showboats. The river valleys can be followed into our most primitive mountain regions. The river life has a continuity. "Rivers are eternal things." And Mr. Firestone deserves well of his country.

The tale of the twenty-one-ton ketch and her voyage through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic is a fascinating little story, and in its simplicity there is something of the clear stark beauty of the sea. It is a pleasant feeling, the young captain says, "to know that your ship is a kindly one." And through fog and collision and calm and hurricane, on this "Southern Crossing," he and his crew of two loved their ship and their adventure. Most of the story is set in the Mediterranean: the most interesting event of the Atlantic passage was the strange observation of the marriage rites of whales. And there are pleasant bits about the hospitality which the young adventurers enjoyed whenever they were held up in a port of call. They made their American landfall six months after setting sail from Greece.

JUANITA HARRISON

Juanita Harrison's journey was also a long one; and "My Great Wide Beautiful World" is one of the most remarkable personal records that I, for one, have ever seen. There is nothing on our shelves, certainly, that is quite like this spontaneous, shrewd, and unselfconscious story of the Odyssey of an American negress, who visited twenty-two countries in eight years, supported herself as she went along in most of them, and is heartily sorry for all the luxury-travelers who see so little in their hasty flight. Juanita is an absolutely natural human being. She cannot spell or punctuate according to rule. Her book is delightfully amusing. But it is a great deal more than that. It is intelligent, inspiriting, and quite gloriously (as Juanita would say, "gelouriusly") alive. This is no guide to travelers, of course; but the fact remains that Juanita Harrison is a far better traveler than most of us. And her book is a joyous experience.

This season presents the reading public with two books on Papua. Papua is a cannibal island, and both these books are stories of adventure in policing its hinterland. But when J. G. Hides took his "Savage Patrol" to punish head-hunting and capture a cannibal chief, he rounded up his prisoners in an assumption which seems in such circumstances to be almost unique—these savages were men like himself. If such human sympathy made thinking necessary, as well as fighting, it gives a tang of novel interest, also, to this book. The "Papuan Epic" of Keith Bushell is less unusual, but it, too, departs from the ordinary narrative of adventurous exploit, in telling the story of a white savage in the wilderness.

In "Tickets, Please," a genial young Englishman writes pleasantly, if superficially, of his visit to the United States and to the East. He had a good time. When people at home say that "New York must be a hideous city," he tries, now, to explain to them that the skyscrapers are beautiful at night. And he has the good sense to be annoyed—even if he doesn't quite see how funny it is—when a fellow-Britisher on the Nile boat protests against "foreigners pushing themselves in," when some French and German tourists also venture to take the trip. A likable young man, Mr. Buckley.

Gordon Sinclair of Toronto is first and always a reporter, lucky enough to have a free and wandering assignment to the far corners of the earth. He deserves his good luck. For he does not fill his pages with his own emotions and exploits, and quotations from reference books: he is a real newspaper man, who keeps his eyes and ears open everywhere, and sets down what he actually observes and listens to. In "Khyber Caravan" he travels swiftly and alertly along the roads of Kashmir, Maziristan, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and Northern India, and happens to be on hand to cover the Quetta earthquake. Surface stuff? Yes, but good of its kind, and genuinely interesting.

Not one of these books, to repeat, is a guide to travelers. Not one of them is addressed to travelers at all. And yet—I wonder? Every one of them is marked by an objective interest, a spirit of open-eyed and sympathetic observation, which will be good luggage for any traveler.

Katherine Woods is the author of "The Other Chateau Country."

Synthetic Heroism

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING. By Hillel Bernstein. New York: Frederick A Stokes Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is timely satire by the author of that amusing book, "L'Affaire Jones." In these incredible days of Mussolini and Hitler you have a story of a dictator always referred to as "The Hero," and yet the extravagant episodes of the book do not seem a whit more strange than actual recent occurrences in Europe. The story starts with an American millionaire, one Keets Wilber, attempting to present a statue of the hero, designed to identify him with the legendary hero of his country, to the hero's kingdom. The rest of the book concerns the education of this millionaire as to how heroes' minds work, to what lengths their vanity leads them, and the whole extraordinary technique of "dragon-slaying," the necessity for which is cleverly planted in the hero's consciousness. The story mounts to gratifying burlesque. The *savoir faire* of the millionaire throughout is delicious. The great puffed up bladder of national egotism is completely exploded. Mrs. Wilber is an entertaining character too; and the hero's official temptress; and the fervent Amy Chevron. The idea of importing Jews in order to drive them out again, and that of disciplining business in the interests of heroism, are both nice! There's some grand writing, too, like this:

> In Germany quite a few of the dark round-heads and square-heads belonging to the Nordic majority will assure you solemnly that they are long-headed blondes, and if you suggest that they go look in the mirror or jump in the lake they will tell you about the Treaty of Versailles.

The idea of presenting concentration camps to the public as "retreats" where people are sent "in order to get themselves mentally and spiritually right with heroism," is very engaging. The conversation with the street urchin, beginning with "raw materials" is a perfect takeoff on the ideology of the Fascist state.

> "I have a sister who is fifteen years old," he said. "It's about time she became a mother. Bidlo needs soldiers. They wanted to send her to a camp where she could become a mother, but she wouldn't go. She's a traitor too."

Keets Wilber finally discovers for himself the true type of national hero who is being crushed by the official hero, and he tries to become such an one; but his publicity man won't allow it, and we take leave of him with Bidlo, the kingdom of the Hero, turned into "one huge dragon," as its munition factories prepare for war. An utterly fantastic book and hence the spitting image of several large European nations today!

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Sun-Worshippers

DAY OF IMMENSE SUN. By Blair Niles. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

THE setting is Peru of the Incas; the time, just before and during the Spanish Conquest; the story, that of an unconsummated love between a shepherd lad with a gift of song and a dedicated Virgin of the Sun. In the disorganization and terror which sweep the Empire it seems to Tito and Salla that all things have changed and that not to seize their ecstasy is to starve for the letter of dead laws, to perish for vows now stripped of all rational meaning. But at the instant of decision they become aware of the blinding sun in the heavens. It is the giver of life; it is also the object of the national worship, the reason for Salla's lifelong dedication.

> She flung her arms out to the wide horizon: "There — the land remains! Think what would come to the land if the Sun should not rise tomorrow! . . . If the Sun should say, 'All is changed, and why should I rise again upon the land?' "
>
> And dumbly Tito knew that the Sun which had not deserted the land must not be angered. For what if the Sun should fail to rise?
>
> The well-being of the many was greater than the happiness of two, however passionately the one might desire the other. They had been trained from the beginning to live for the good of the land.
>
> . . . How could he hope to win what belonged to the Sun?

Here, potentially, is a very great theme dramatized in a fitting consummation. But the theme and the dramatic pattern are such as to be abjectly dependent upon the quality of the writing which ushers you to them. Anything less than perfection in the effect is a botch; and nothing less than quiet perfection in the means will produce the effect. Mrs. Niles has filled her pages with notes off the key—tinny bits of drawing-room patter such as "took a chance," "gone flat," "before his trial came off." She has introduced concepts fantastically irrelevant to the folk, the time: what can the Peruvians of the 1520's have felt of Olympus and "struggling atomic egos"? She has written sentences without shape, rhythm, or dignity. She has composed her most important passages in mere gasps like the paragraphs of a Hearstpaper editorial. And she has let her historical researches persistently clog the tale with archeological scraps of a sort to impede, not quicken, the imagination.

The publishers confide that the author, in the interest of getting things right, traveled 13,000 miles—"12,000 of them covered by plane," they oddly add. She might have traveled less far and fared better. For what her book still needs is just to be written.

SIR GALAHAD. *Drawing by R. Taylor.*

Keys to the Classics

SIR GALAHAD AND OTHER RHYMES. By Christopher Ward. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

A SECRET known only to several hundred thousand people is that F. P. A., when caught short for copy for his column in the *Herald Tribune* (a recurring problem) falls back upon Christopher Ward, the Wilmington barrister, who provides as convenient and reliable a cushion as any columnist might want. Mr. Ward can fill a column with adroit and amusing verse faster than any man in the land.

He has been doing it for a number of years, writing long, loping, narrative poems touching upon varied aspects of life and history, and employing the wit and rhyming variation that have pronounced him one of America's three most eminent contemporary practitioners of light verse. The leader in the field is Mr. Adams himself, and following close behind, are Mr. Ward and Newman Levy.

The metrical technique of Messrs. Ward and Levy is largely the same. It suggests the long Vergilian line. It resembles the Alexandrine, that favorite of Corneille and Racine. In reality it is much longer than either, much more elastic, more formless, less polished. The subject is worth looking into for a minute. Take the opening line in Mr. Ward's opening poem, Sir Galahad:

> In good King Arthur's famous court
> were knights of every mien and sort,
> some fat, some thin, some tall, some short,
> The stoutest man in all that clan,
> So says Sir Thomas Malory,
> Was hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, a guy
> of mighty mold and make, who never
> gave his foe a break,
> Who never failed and never quaked
> And always earned his salary.

A different swing, but the same essential music is to be found in Mr. Levy's analysis of the opera Carmen:

> In Spain where the courtly Castillian
> hidalgo twangs lightly each night his
> romantic guitar,
> Where the castanets clink on the gay
> piazzetta and strains of fandangoes
> are heard from afar,
> There lived, we are told, a bold hussy
> named Carmen, a pampered young
> vamp full of devil and guile,
> Cigarette and cigar men were smitten
> by Carmen, from near and far men
> were caught with her smile.

Mr. Ward is more inclined toward the epic theme. His interest in Greek history is profound; his delight in the Arthurian legends boundless. He finds in Shakespeare a vein of richest yield. Of Hamlet he writes in part:

> Judging by his lackadaisy
> Manner many thought him crazy,
> Sweet Ophelia, whom he'd courted,
> now neglected, kept her room.
> He abandoned hunting, hawking,—
> Spent his time in frequent talking
> To himself of suicide, and other objects
> tinged with gloom.

When it comes to original verse Mr. Ward is less successful, but it rarely comes to original verse. Parody is his field, and in it he is preëminent. "Sir Galahad," the present output, is of the same high and delightful calibre as his other works. He calls it "Pass-keys to the Classics." They are all of that. They open up old memories and new fields of vision, even if they are faintly cock-eyed. In fact if they weren't, they wouldn't be half so good. And they are all so good.

A Fable of Innocence

THE GOLDEN HEART. By Richard Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.

AT first, this novel looks like a new member of the Aldous Huxley-Evelyn Waugh school. The author—a nephew of Lytton Strachey—is clever and literary; he uses all the modern tricks of the novelist's trade. But he uses them in a new way. The story of Jacob Coppice, living a double life as a decadent young Londoner, while he carries on a lonely-hearts advisory agency under the name of Mr. Heartsease, looks like a sardonic and bitter little tale. Surprisingly, it turns into something else—one dislikes to call it an allegory for fear of frightening off readers who might enjoy it, but it is an allegory. And the most surprising thing of all is that Mr. Strachey has used the milieu and the technique of decadence to write a fable of innocence and happiness. The idea is perhaps more stimulating than convincing, and the novel in parts reads more like an essay than like a narrative. But the major characters are human, and some of the episodes—the love scenes in particular—are written with delicacy and imagination. A minor novel, but an intelligent fantasy, and very good reading if it is to your taste.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

A Platform

THERE'S quite a political convention going on round the Knothole this morning. All the delegates seem to have been very positively instructed by their constituencies. They have definite ideas of what they want, and we've been hearing them argue some of the planks in their platform.

The birds, in general caucus, protest that in hot weather their drinking basin absolutely must be filled again, fresh and clean, before supper time, so they can have their evening bath.

Muggins the Scottish terrier (yes, it's he: I know by heart the voice of every dog in the neighborhood) submits as his plank the privilege of always barking at garbage trucks and bicycles.

Corquita the cocker Spaniel says, a dog chasing a flying robin doesn't need to worry whether there's a car coming on the road.

The caterpillars wish unobstructed access to fruit trees; and a high tariff on arsenic spray.

The grapevine insists it should be allowed to grow at random; why should its tender and grasping little pink feelers have to pursue the dull regular framework of an arbor?

The sweet peas assert their inalienable and natural privilege of sprawling flat on the ground instead of climbing up a net of strings.

The aphids vociferate a Holy Crusade for Liberty: why should they not riddle the buds on the rosebush bought from the A & P?

Grass and plantain weeds announce a continuance of their traditional policy: that they will always grow much more luxuriantly in flower beds or driveways than on the lawn itself.

The spiders point out that since they are doing their best to help rid the garden of insect pests, the Supreme Court will please declare unconstitutional any use of the hose where they have spread their webs.

The walnut sapling which (by some miracle of hardihood and ambition) has grown up right through the heart of the woodpile, makes a motion that all the logs be shifted to give it further chance for expansion.

The chestnut trees, now beginning to recover after a long blight, wish to go on record that they would have recovered anyhow, and probably faster if we weren't around.

The thrush on her nest in the rhododendron bushes got a 20-minute ovation when she declared that the dining room windows must not be opened so she can raise her children without alarm.

The tulip tree asserts that its flowers, with their powdery green and orange petals, are as beautiful as anything in the garden; but because they're so high aloft they get no applause. This must be remedied by appropriate legislation.

All these partisan matters, and a good many more, were brought to our notice this morning; however we did not commit ourself as we were busy brooding the double incidence of Federal and State income tax payments on the same date, June 15.

Something ought to be done. . . .

We suddenly remember that somewhere in *Uncle Remus* there is a grand description of a political convention—when all the animals got together to pass "whafoes" about their grievances. And the crawfishes, because they were always being trodden on, burrowed down deep in the mud and let loose the waters under the earth—and caused the Flood.

Why don't any of the highbrows ever mention *Uncle Remus* as one of the half dozen or so greatest things ever done in this country?

"Tusitala"

Mr. Austin Strong, step-grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson, very kindly takes up the question (raised by Miss Candee in the Bowling Green, May 23) of the literal meaning of the Samoan word *Tusitala*. It is "*writer* of tales" rather than "teller."

Professor Henry E. Crampton of Barnard College quotes Tregear's *Maori Comparative Dictionary* where three meanings of the Samoan *tusi* are given: (a) to mark native cloth; (b) to point out, as a road; (c) to write; a writing, a letter. The Maori equivalent is *tuhi;* Malay *tulis;* Hawaiian *kuhi;* Marquesan *tuhi;* Tongan *tohi.*

Austin Strong says:—

"*Tusi* in Samoan also means book. *Tusiloto*=prayer book. *Tusi-tusi* means a scribbler—a red sweating German clerk in white ducks and black sash poring over his ledgers in the hot beach office of the North German Lloyd.

"The Samoans wondered at first how R. L. S. made his dollars—where his wealth came from to build his fabulous palace of Vailima all painted blue and fiery red. Then the missionaries printed *The Bottle Imp* in Samoan and they were satisfied. The Imp did it all! Many a time a tall Samoan chief looking like a Greek statue would stand hesitant after being shown over the house and ask to see The Bottle!

"There is no doubt that *Tusitala* means writer of tales. The older meaning was Teller of Tales which we have always used in the family. Both are correct. Since we are on the subject, the Samoan is one of the richest of all languages. Imagine a word for the sheen of the vitreous green on the inner side of a curling wave just before it pounds itself to pieces on the reef. There is also a word for the lone cloud—that swift-moving little cloud one sees just at dawn. Flying cloud it is called and the name was

OLD HOUSE, ROSLYN, L. I. *Woodcut by Henry R. Diamond.*

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given to my fleet-footed grandmother. The word is *Aulele* and we always called her that.

"One more Samoan expression—sadly needed in our language—to wander about idly, with nothing on the mind—is *tapa-tefau.* You ask your friend, Hey, what dost thou?—he will grin and say *Tapa-tefau!* Also to walk in the moonlight sentimentally is *eva-eva,* pronounced *ayva-ayva.*"

Burial of Don Roberto

Mr. Herbert F. West of Dartmouth College very kindly sent us a clipping from the Glasgow *Herald* (April 20, 1936) describing the burial of R. B. Cunninghame Graham. He lies beside his Chilean wife (who died in 1906) in the ruined priory of Inchmahome, on an island in the Lake of Menteith (about 20 miles north of Glasgow).

The Glasgow *Herald* said:—

> The casket rested on the island shore while the launch returned to the mainland for others privileged to attend the last rites. A north wind swept the daffodils growing in great profusion around the priory, a home for centuries of Augustine monks. Robert the Bruce was a frequent visitor to the priory, and tradition has it that Prior Maurice administered the sacrament and blessed the Scots Army before the Battle of Bannockburn.
>
> Mary Queen of Scots also spent a year or so of her childhood on the isle after the Battle of Pinkie, and at the corner of the old monkish garden is the child Queen's garden, an oval space around which the boxwood border has attained a comparatively great height.
>
> To the hallowed ground amidst the ruins of this monastery of much beauty the casket was borne over the lake-side carpet of lawn, the piper all the while playing the haunting lament, "The Flowers of the Forest."

Among the pallbearers was Mr. A. F. Tschiffely, who made the famous horseback ride from Buenos Aires to New York. Mr. Tschiffely placed on the coffin strands of hair from the manes of Don Roberto's favorite horses.

Ampersands

&&& A thundering good job of presswork and bookmaking is *Mother of Clubs,* being a history of the distinguished Union Club of New York (1836-1936) by its secretary Mr. Reginald T. Townsend, who has written this chronicle of New York's oldest social club con amore and con brio. &&& The book was made by the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge; and studying the illustrations we believe that the various presidents of the U. C. must have been the handsomest men in New York. &&& Mr. Townsend embarrasses us by remarking "There has been from time to time an unofficial and always unwelcome visitor to the clubhouse." &&& We admit it: one day some years ago we were coming down Fifth Avenue in the 50's and in necessity of putting through a phone call at once. &&& Fifth Avenue is terribly scarce in public phone booths. We tried a department store: all the coops full of ladies. In despair, we bluffed our way into the Union Club (then at 51 Street) and went to its sacred phone booths. &&& Put through the call and had it charged to a publisher who was (we knew) a member. &&& Oxford University Press announces *A Long Retrospect,* the autobiography of the late F. Anstey. *Vice Versa, The Brass Bottle, The Tinted Venus* (what movies they would make!) gave us as much pleasure as any books of our youth, and Anstey's recollections (reaching from the 1850's to the 1930's) should be delightful. &&& The great Huntington Library and Art Gallery (San Marino, California) is showing an exhibit of William Blake's water colors for *Paradise Lost* (until July 31) and offers a catalogue with 13 collotype reproductions for 50 cents. &&& We hear an excellent rumor that an omnibus collection of R. B. Cunninghame Graham is to be published here by Doubleday.

The Coöperative Movement

(*Continued from page* 4)

"It may be said that, in certain respects, the Russians, thanks to the Artel, have known and carried into practice the principle of coöperative societies before the very name became the fashion in the West."

The rapid development of consumer societies in the Russian village stimulated the establishment of credit associations. There were two coöperative credit associations in Russia. The Loan and Saving Societies, which were organized as far back as 1866, were more popular among small trades people. The peasants were too poor to belong to them, for every borrower was required to be also a subscriber. The Credit Associations, on the other hand, required no subscriptions and were for that reason the prevalent type among the peasants. In 1916 there were in Russia 11,768 Credit Associations and 4,239 Loan Saving Societies, with a membership of 10,000,000 householders. Apart from advancing money and receiving deposits, the Credit Associations acted also as purchasing agencies. They supplied their members with such commodities as they required.

The coöperative bank was another link in this system. The Moscow Narodny Bank (the People's Bank) was organized in 1911. Its capital was fixed at 1,000,000 rubles, which was divided among 4,000 shareholders. Of these eighty-five per cent were coöperatives in every part of Russia. The fifteen per cent went to individuals who were in one way or another connected with coöperatives. The coöperative character of the bank included two rather interesting items: the bank would not do business with private individuals, or advance them credit. The bank accepted "kopeck" or penny deposits. Every depositor who accumulated five rubles got a small money saving box. Yet this People's Bank in the year 1915 had a turnover of $120,000,000; and in the first eight months of 1916 its transactions amounted to nearly $250,000,000.

Impressive as these facts may be, they do not convey the complete picture of the coöperative institutions of Russia. Space does not permit to go into the cooperative work of the Zemstvos or Provincial Councils which included insurance and hospitalization. Nor have I touched upon the Mir, the communal cultivation of land, or the coöperative "People's Palaces" found all over Russia. Or the educational work of these institutions.

Russia's coöperatives penetrated every corner of her vast territory notwithstanding the frequently vehement opposition of the autocracy. Particularly rapid was the growth after the Revolution of 1905. It matters not whether it be Russia, England, Sweden, or the United States, coöperatives once properly launched have developed very fast. The size of the country has nothing whatever to do with it. Voluntary coöperation stimulates initiative. The members of the Russian Artels did not require shock brigades to make them work. They worked according to the Russian adage, as "one for all and all for one." This psychology is inherent in the theory of coöperation and prevails everywhere. Because of their appeal to collective loyalty and perseverance, cooperatives are the only organizations which can stand up against the predatory trusts and corporations. This was true in Russia, and is recognized in Sweden and England. Mr. Fowler finds America no exception. One oil company in the Middle West, in order to drive the oil coöperatives out of the territory, reduced its prices below cost. The coöperative was faced with the possibility of closing its business or of bankruptcy. The membership, aware of the objective of the oil company, decided to continue to pay the usual price for its oil. The result was a general reduction in the price of oil and an increase in the prestige of the coöperative. Every pressure from private storekeepers or corporations reacts to their own disadvantage and forces the coöperatives toward closer consolidation.

Coöperation thus presents itself as the most suitable method by which to accomplish an equitable distribution of wealth, and pave the way to production for use and not for profit. It is evolutionary, peaceful, democratic, and to a certain point non-political. Republicans, Democrats, or Socialists who are members of the same coöperative will think of their collective interests before their party affiliations. Coöperation is the surest antidote to the concentration of power, because it maintains a balance between government ownership and socialization.

So far as the wage earners are concerned, government ownership is desirable in a democracy such as ours only

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where the workers have complete freedom of the ballot and may elect legislators who will serve their interests; where they have a right to strike in order to better their condition; where they have freedom of the press and all the other civil liberties that are necessary to bring their needs and aspirations before the public. Government ownership without the right to strike is a curse rather than a blessing. Democracy, in other words, is the absolute prerequisite of nationalization if this is not to degenerate into state slavery. Nationalization under the dictatorship of Mussolini has not helped the Italian workers. On the contrary, under nationalization they are unable to make the slightest effort toward material betterment without being branded as traitors.

In Russia, under the Stalin dictatorship, workers are not permitted to form their own unions. The appellation for any worker, whether he be communist or non-partisan, who expresses dissatisfaction with his working or living conditions, is "counter-revolutionary." Strikes are ruthlessly suppressed. Three years ago when the miners in the Donez Basin went on strike they were shot down by the militia.

But even under a democracy such as ours it is doubtful whether complete government ownership is practicable or desirable. It is apt to become unwieldy and bureaucratic. Again Russia is a very good example. Many of the difficulties of the Soviet Union began with the destruction of the coöperatives and the concentration of all economic functions in the Government. Bent on dictatorship, Lenin replaced the "bourgeois, reactionary" leaders of the coöperatives with inexperienced communists who did not have the confidence of the membership and subsequently was compelled to nationalize them. The result, according to the Soviet Government decree of September 29, 1935, was waste, theft, and lack of supplies—the collapse of the coöperatives. The nationalization of the land was a dismal failure, and had for its aftermath inefficiency, bureaucratic meddling, confusion, and discontent among the peasants. The Government tail was simply unable to wag so huge a body.

Two years ago Stalin was compelled to revert to the original plan of the much hated Socialist Revolutionists and socialize the land—that is, give it to those who till it, the peasants. Now the land belongs to those who cultivate it and not to the Government, just as the coöperatives which Mr. Fowler describes belong to the people who comprise their membership. The socialization of the land has made a vast difference in the general atmosphere of the Russian village, and is reflected in increased productivity. It is no secret that the leaders of Soviet Russia know they have overplayed their hand in their policy of centralization.

The Soviet Government might have socialized the land at the very beginning and preserved the coöperatives in the villages and minor industries. It might have contented itself with nationalizing the railroads, mines, banks, and all other public utilities. In that case the Russian people would have been much further advanced industrially and economically and on their way to the real coöperative commonwealth, instead of the present state capitalism. But whatever has happened in Russia, it is not our democratic way. For the United States the method in use among the Middle Western farmers, as described in "Consumer Coöperation in America," plus government ownership of the public utilities, seems the best way out of our economic difficulties.

Mr. Fowler's book should be read by everyone who is interested in our national economic reorganization. Rumor has it that Mr. Horace M. Kallen has written a book on consumer coöperatives. It is sure to be informative. We cannot have too many books on the subject.

Manya Gordon is a Russian by birth though she has long been a resident of this country. She comes of a family which long before the World War took a prominent part in the revolutionary movement.

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BORZOI

Swamp Shadow

BY KATHARINE HAMILL

IN the deep South, in that strip of swamp land which touches the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and stretches back into the forest, there are families to whom the civilization of the cities is a thing heard of but unseen, unfelt—a strange race, almost primitive in character. From them came Rachel Roper, the one strong, healthy and gifted woman of the region. Her story—her violent yet glowing love story—is the heart of this fine novel, out of which arises an incomparable picture of the life and mind of a lost people.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON June sixth was published "Footnotes to a Centennial," by *Christopher Morley*, a poem written in 1933 for the centennial of Haverford College and first printed in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The book is issued in an edition of 400 copies by the Walpole Printing Office, and the proceeds of its sale will be donated by Mr. Morley to the Haverford College Endowment Fund. The price is $1.50, and orders should be sent to *Philip C. Duschnes*, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, sole distributor. . . . A Fund is being raised for a memorial to *Edward Thomas*, the English poet who died in the late Great War. It is proposed to purchase the freehold of some site in England, plant a grove of trees there, and set up a small stone. Members of the Executive Committee include *Clifford Bax*, *Walter de la Mare*, *Eleanor Farjeon*, and *William Rothenstein*. Any subscriptions should be sent c/o Barclays Bank Ltd., 262 Tottenham Court Road, London, W. 1., England, and cheques made payable to the Edward Thomas Memorial Fund, crossed Payee's Account. In Thomas's memory I wish to quote here this beautiful and brief poem of his:

SNOW

In the gloom of whiteness,
In the great silence of snow,
A child was sighing
And bitterly saying: "Oh,
They have killed a white bird up there
on her nest,
The down is fluttering from her breast."
And still it fell through the dusky brightness
On the child crying for the bird of the snow.

Thomas was killed in action in April in 1917. . . . *Elizabeth Hollister Frost* writes me from Tarrytown-on-Hudson that she has married into a family of painters and is now enthralled with doing "some dark peasant tales laid in the incredible village of St. Cirqu-la-Popie, built high above the river Lot, where the family live and paint in this Gothic fastness as though it were the twelfth century." She wishes it known that Harper's has made a fourth printing of her first book, "The Lost Lyrist," and a second of her third book, "The Closed Gentian." The editions had lapsed, but now the books are again procurable. . . . *Lionel Wiggam* is the young poet everyone is talking about at present. His "Landscape with Figures" (Viking Press) is a remarkable first book. Many of his poems have previously appeared in *The American Mercury*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and so on. This young poet is only twenty and a student in the School of Speech at Northwestern University, where he is paying his own way. He is a cousin of *Albert Edward Wiggam*, the writer and lecturer. His work is mature for a youth of his age. His are unobtrusive poems, but they have ease and grace without being facile, and the phrase and epithet are often astonishingly right. Whether he writes in assonance or rhyme, the flow of his verse is limpid and clear, the mechanics do not intrude. But, as in all good poetry, it is the content that matters, and this is authentically his own experience and observation. The latter is psychologically acute, as in his fourth poem on a child and in some of his poems on women and girls, particularly on the farm wives. He has written of the pathos of the change from boyhood into young manhood, but, though he regards life with stoicism, there is evident always an intense sensitivity and a gentle wisdom concerning it. I do not mean that these poems are "soft" in any sense. Each one, despite its flexibility, is as though built upon a strict armature. One of his more irregular poems will illustrate this:

MUSIC

Music becomes intolerable, indeed,
After the violins are stopped,
After
The keys are quiet and the reeds
Are put aside. Before the laughter
And flutter of applause, there is a space:
Before the sudden rush of clattering palms:
A briefest hush impossible to trace.
The symphony is done. The maestro bows.
Yet in that pause
Before he turns, you hear it.
Not an echo, or a note
Ineffable and remote:
But simply a soundlessness before the people rise
And disenchant themselves with their own cries.

My only criticism of that would be, possibly, the use of the word "clattering." The last line, I think, is superb. In any event here is a thing strongly felt and actually observed, that is recorded, if not completely so, in many of the best words in the best order. For I do not contend that this very young poet is faultless. How should he be! He is merely, at this stage, remarkably gifted. What he knows he can put into verse of distinction. As his experience grows, he will do other fine things; but many far more mature poets, I feel sure, would give a good deal to be able to write as well as this, about "the girl who has taken her first lover":

Her friends will question her, but she is distant:
Careful to keep her fear unmanifest.
She coolly smiles, her piteous avid heart
A wild and fluttering thing inside her breast.
Only her lover silences that panic.
Only his touch, his smile, subdue the grief.
Running to meet him, she is a child who whispers:
"Look! I have brought you a curious heart-shaped leaf."

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The Restoration Stage

THE PLAYHOUSE OF PEPYS. By Montague Summers. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $6.

Reviewed by ROSWELL G. HAM

"THE History of the Restoration Theatre," by the Rev. Montague Summers, may now be said in its second volume to be approaching its grand climacteric. When completed, one should suppose, it will mark the *terminus ad quem* of some forty-two odd years of investigation of the late seventeenth century stage. During that time have appeared from his hand editions of Mrs. Behn, Otway, Congreve, Shadwell, Wycherley, and Dryden, to mention only a few, with occasional divagation into Witchcraft and Vampirism. His career at nearly all points has been a battlefield, from the early days when he undertook the abuse of his contemporary scholars to his recent edition of Dryden, wherein the world of criticism uncovered nearly every crime to which the scholarly flesh is heir: the use of garbled texts, inaccuracy, "flatulence"—to use one of his own favorite words—prejudice, and concealment of his sources. Meanwhile his gorge had been rising. His latest work comprises such a roll of honor of "dolts" and "nincompoops" that one trembles at being discovered amongst the very limited number of those, mostly dead, who are vouchsafed a word of commendation. "The Playhouse of Pepys" thus becomes the history of Montague Summers, God's angry man, connoisseur of *esoterica* and *erotica*, bishop of the occult. In completed form it will comprise the most curious history of period literature in the English language, an *omnium-gatherum* out of its proper century. The author has lived so long with the Restoration and its witches that he has retreated back to the age of James II. Placed beside Thomas Shadwell he becomes understandable.

It should not be taken for granted that this work is without value. Critically it is all askew, as for example when he chooses to weep over the sad predicament of the Fidelia of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer," a Viola of "Twelfth Night" placed in the role of a Pandarus. "Her loyalty and the pathos of her lot call unashamed tears to our eyes." And elsewhere he remarks that, "This I do know, there are not in any language two comedies more supreme in their achievement than 'The Country-Wife' and 'The Plain Dealer' by William Wycherley." Some might find his enthusiasm infectious, provided that they had not already drunk deep of seventeenth century panegyric, where the critical values suffered the same aberrations as the religious and the political, very frequently superinduced by the one or the other. So with the Rev. Montague Summers. His peculiar religious bias leads him into a long digression upon the faith of Richard Flecknoe—Dryden's apotheosized Flecknoe—who "preserved his sacred obligations" in contrast to Stapylton, who "shamefully broke his religious vows." Sir Samuel Tuke takes on literary excellence from his activity in behalf of his fellow catholics. Nevil Payne becomes a "noble figure" and presumably the better dramatist from his resistance to "whiggish blackguardism." William of Orange breaks into this history of the playhouse of Pepys as a homosexual, nor is Betterton exempt from the same charge upon the sole evidence of one distempered libel.

Throughout, it must be said, Summers displays a considerable mastery of English, though occasionally with the scurril invective of a Shadwell, and almost always with Shadwell's absence of critical balance or philosophic temper. When compared with his rivals in the field, and with him scholarship all too frequently becomes fierce rivalry, he is to be found without conclusions. After all these words, exactly what were the great motivating forces of Restoration drama? What was its comedy and its tragedy? The answer is lost under infinite detail. But should one desire information, it is here.

In what single place may be found the plots of the many manuscript plays in the British Museum and the Bodleian, the casts of countless productions of the period, and the brief biographies of most of its playwrights? True, Summers has drawn heavily upon Downes, Genest, Lowe, and a host of modern scholars, but

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July Selection of the Literary Guild and of the Book Union. In England: A Book Society Recommendation.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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it would take a sizeable library to contain them all. Nor will it matter to most readers that he makes no acknowledgment of his sources. But when his own scholarship comes into play, he is not always to be trusted. Thus he finds a sharp hit at Otway's challenge of Elkanah Settle in a play of 1672, four or five years before the event; and there are other instances. But, as he remarks, with some memory of his recent experiences as an editor of Dryden and none at all of the problems of his contemporaries: "We are, of course, none of us infallible. Any students, any authority, however keenly and long he may have studied his period is liable to make mistakes, many mistakes." This is the true scholar's humility.

One does not commonly associate humility with the Restoration—rather, a sublime and ruthless egoism. Therein the Rev. Montague Summers diverges from type. His previous avatar, indeed, might be within the bulbous body of Dryden's Og, though his religion and politics have suffered withal a strange mutation. Harassed as he was by a great satirist, Thomas Shadwell with time became increasingly choleric. His libel was coarse but robust, trading heavily in round Anglo-Saxon terms of abuse. A creature of infinite prejudice, he seems to have had a few cronies—excellent men some of them. At times he was the creature of moist sentiment, for there are some who have found him an innovator of the new tearful comedy. He was a lover of the odd by-ways, a born antiquarian, the follower of Ben Jonson in word without understanding the depths of his theory. Endlessly verbose and repetitious, he was in the midst of all occasionally a wit. But his most frequent weapon was the flail. Witches and strange sects fascinated him. He took from everybody as everybody took from him. Dryden, his enemy, had it that he was the son of Flecknoe and that he never deviated into sense. And like Dogberry he protested that he was "a wise fellow" and "which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina." Finally, Shadwell succeeded his great foe as poet laureate, and thereafter laid down his ferule. It was a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Roswell G. Ham is president elect of Mt. Holyoke College.

The Psychoanalyst and the Patient

PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Lawrence S. Kubie, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by IVES HENDRICK, M.D.

PSYCHOANALYSIS as a faddy subject for dilettante enthusiasm and cocktail repartee is — fortunately both for those who study it thoroughly and those who are weary of knowing nothing about it—rapidly going out of fashion. Meanwhile the circle of those who take a serious interest in it as a potential aid in the solution of personal problems gradually increases. It is for these that this "Handbook for Prospective Patients and Their Advisers" has been written. By advisers, Dr. Kubie means particularly friends, relatives, and physicians. Most of these will find answers to many perplexities regarding a science which is still too young to share and offer the full protection of medical traditions.

Dr. Kubie wisely distinguishes authentic psychoanalysis from the methods of both honest and charlatan practitioners who have exploited the name which Freud has given his work without studying his science thoroughly or mastering his technique. He describes the qualifications for its practice—medical, psychiatric, and specialized training—which are now prerequisite for membership in the four American branches of the International Psychoanalytic Society. He explains some of the elementary but significant features of the analytic method, and discusses such matters as choice of an analyst, financial arrangements, the futility of an abbreviated analysis, the necessity of planning for uninterrupted regularity of daily treatments, and the reasons why the analyst cannot be at the same time an adviser in daily affairs and a social comrade during the course of the treatment. Such matters, especially those in which there is some divergence from traditional medical procedure, are sources of confusion for the prospective patient considering this treatment. Dr. Kubie summarizes the diverse symptoms and personal problems which may make analysis desirable, and emphasizes that analysts should be consulted as to the advisability of undertaking analytic treatment before a decision is made by the patient or his advisers; for the treatment cannot be utilized advantageously by many, even when the need is great. There is a concluding chapter appraising the course and outcome of this method of treatment.

There is no other book which is oriented exclusively by the questions of those whose interest in analysis is primarily practical. If there were, it is doubtful that it would have embodied both the stylistic simplicity of which Dr. Kubie is master and the authority of his professional experience and scientific position. Only occasionally is the lucidity of his style impaired by technical words which are not clearly explained. In view of the fact that "neurosis" has become the usual word of cultivated laymen to describe what is wrong with most of their friends and not with themselves, many will not understand exactly the types of suffering and failure Dr. Kubie has in mind whenever he refers to it. His professional colleagues may feel that he has given some readers a more utopian idea of what to expect, especially from the analytic treatment of insanity, than he really intends. But it will be the points that are cleared up that will more than compensate the personally interested reader for whatever unknowns and occasional misapprehensions may remain.

Dr. Ives Hendrick is the author of "Facts and Theories of Psychoanalysis."

Family History

THE EARLY MEDICI. By L. Collison-Morley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

STILL working the vein which yielded "The Story of the Borgias" and the "Story of the Sforzas" during the past three years, their author has put together a book which gives a connected account of the rise of the Medici family from their obscure origins through their financial and political triumphs and their dramatic fall to their return from exile to rule Florence and to dominate Rome. Lorenzo the Magnificent gets, appropriately enough, the most space but the most entertaining chapters, probably because their author found them the most congenial, are the closing ones on the papacy of Leo X. Partly, no doubt, because the story of the Medici has been more thoroughly investigated and oftener told, and is more coherent and important, this book seems a more solid and interesting popularization than its predecessors. Travelers to Italy this summer could do worse than include it in their steamer reading; stay-at-homes may be glad to have a compact, well organized account of the Medicis on their shelves. Without any original contribution to knowledge, and decidedly without any thoughtful interpretation or literary charm, this book offers, nevertheless, a workmanlike, accurate, and competent, if crowded and rather pedestrian, summary of a remarkable family history.

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The New Books

Art

GIL DE SILOE AND HIS SCHOOL. By Horace E. Wethey. Harvard University Press. 1936. $7.50.

To the enigmatic sculptor of the amazingly ornate tombs at Miraflores, near Burgos, Mr. Wethey consecrates a sound and fully documented academic study. He prunes the old lists in conservative fashion, and adds a few minor attributions of his own. Gil exemplifies late Gothic sculpture, in its most decadent, charmingly so, phase. He has no touch of greatness, but his elaborate fastidiousness wins one against better critical judgment. The problem of his national origin, Mr. Wethey, probably inevitably, leaves with the alternative that Gil may be either a Netherlander profoundly influenced by the Spanish tradition, or a Spaniard shaped by study of Lower Rhenish sculpture. The book is handsomely made and illustrated.

F. J. M.

Biography

THE LIVING OF CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. An Autobiography. Appleton-Century. 1935. $3.

Charlotte Gilman was not the ideal autobiographer. She was too little interested in self. Always her chief concern was with ideas, and particularly those ideas which contributed to human growth, to the understanding of the "organic unity of human life." Yet finally persuaded that an autobiography was in order, she accomplished her task with the utmost startling frankness.

Charlotte Gilman was unquestionably the most extraordinary New England woman of her day, the most original thinker, the most powerful speaker and writer. A Beecher of Beechers! (She was the grandniece of Harriet Beecher Stowe.) Such sociological studies as "Women and Economics," "Human Work," "The Man Made World, or Our Androcentric Culture" were made for the twentieth, not the nineteenth century. They will endure; together with the two volumes of social satires in verse and didactic poems which she has left us, "In This Our World" and "Here Also." These poems, written in the leisure hours of an arduous life, are the full-flowering of Charlotte Gilman's philosophy.

A. W.

Fiction

RETURN TO COOLAMI. By Eleanor Dark. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Against the background of a two-day motor trip across Australia, Eleanor Dark's tale projects four people at a crucial point in their lives. In a situation of many and far-reaching ramifications, each considers his or her immediate problem as the shining car roars through miles of magnificent countryside.

In the back seat are Susan and Bret, victims of an impossible marriage of convenience which in a year's time has decidedly not worked itself out. Meeting after four months' separation to return to their home in Coolami, they face resuming a tortuous life together with courage and despair. Young, intelligent, and thoroughly decent, Susan and Bret provoke genuine sympathy through the grim undercurrents of an emotional impasse. In contrast are the passengers in the front seat, Susan's father and mother, secure in their maturity, their successful marriage, and their intuitive understanding of each other. These two are beautifully rendered in a gentle and penetrating characterization.

As the car races toward Coolami, the thoughts of its occupants keep pace, shifting now backward, now forward, now pulled to the present by the necessity for keeping up appearances and making conversation. The difficult technique of weaving the memories and nostalgias of the past over immediate moods and dangerous speculations is extremely well handled—the dialogue set against the self-communion of each character in turn quite without confusion between what is actually said and what is silent commentary.

As in most psychological stalemates, whether in life or in books, the outsider grows impatient at times to cut through the welter of self-inquiry and analysis in order to "get somewhere" a little more simply. But part of the book's value lies in its sympathetic presentation of the pitfalls that beset kind and honest people caught in the miserable consequences of their own good intentions. And the mental twistings and turnings of Susan and Bret are invariably understandable; neither is wholly right nor wholly wrong, unreasonable nor morbid. They remain likable young persons in a mess and it becomes important to the reader to see them out of it.

A. C.

INVINCIBLE SURMISE. By Granville Paul Smith. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $2.50.

Few persons will deny that virtue is virtuous. And perhaps the trend to the discovery of drama in the triumph of "personal integrity over the materialism of modern life" rather than in the unraveling of human souls is sheer gain. But even in these chastened days the fact remains that there may be good books about bad people and bad books about good ones. So far as the virtue of his intent and his teaching is concerned, nobody will quarrel with Mr. Smith. His parable of the young man who fell among stony people and yet escaped with his heart of gold is didactically excellent. But as artist rather than as preacher, a good deal less may be said for him and for his book.

Launched with a title taken from the poetry of Santayana, Mr. Smith's book strangely takes its spirit less from the philosophers than from the lurid story-telling methods of the evangelists. This does not mean that Mr. Smith is limited in his understanding or his knowledge by the flapping sides of the August meeting

Critics praise and damn it—but they can't ignore it!

IT takes an important book to start such a battle among reviewers as this one has. Read what they say about the most revealing volume of confessions since Rousseau, by the lover and husband of Katherine Mansfield, a friend and confidant of D. H. Lawrence, a noted critic and biographer:

Praise . . .

RALPH THOMPSON: "An acute and powerful autobiography . . . admirably written. One comes away from it with the sense of an extraordinary experience."—*N. Y. Times.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS: "It is a book which cannot be neglected by any who seek to gain an insight into the spirit of our age."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS: "A remarkable human document."

and Damnation:

LEWIS GANNETT: "As repulsive a book as I have met in a considerable experience. What manner of man is he?"—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

HARRY HANSEN: "A too candid autobiography. He possesses a terrible gift of speech."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.*

PETER MONRO JACK: "Words, words, words, and the worst of it is that they are good words. He is a ready and reliable writer."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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tent. He is a man who has collected for his characters to speak the ideas of a wide reading and seeing. But in his book, which is populated wholly by wooden demons and wooden saints, those ideas seem merely modern decorative effects for the allegory of a new Goodman who went to the city, married a selfish heiress, and moved with the dissolute rich, bravely fought suave gangsters and a fiendish biologist, and then flung it all aside to pass through sickness and poverty to the simple life and his own soul's surmise that he ought to write novels and live with his first, his faithful love in old Branchfield, Illinois.

Those who write of the integrity of the human soul in a buffeting world are at an initial disadvantage. Before they can make their readers accept their faith in the integrity of the soul, they must make them believe in the integrity of their books. Surmise is not enough; in writing there must be performance. With a mixture of the familiar antagonism of the virtuous and the wicked, of melodrama and of coincidence, which even his own characters protest could be hardly expected in life, Mr. Smith falls short of the creation of reality and so, short of the creation of the faith he undertook to build. J. D.

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Christopher Morley

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New York Herald Tribune

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New York Times

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114 Fifth Avenue New York

Miscellaneous

MOSCOW REHEARSALS. By Norris Houghton. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.75.

What is happening in the Moscow theatres has never been so vividly told as Norris Houghton has told it in this book. His is an account of various methods of production and performance in the Soviet Theatre's capital. Many volumes, articles, essays, reports, and photographs, have described this healthy, energetic, and alive theatre of the past fifteen years in Soviet Russia. Its plays and repertory, the names of its actors, directors, designers, are all well known to everyone whose interest is the theatre, as well as to those whose interest is the development of the culture of Soviet Russia.

Mr. Houghton has had the good judgment and the ability to make us see the evolution of the Soviet Theatre through the eyes of its artists and directors, and at the same time, to make us see the results of their work through the eyes of its spectators. This is one of the most appealing qualities of "Moscow Rehearsals." The author was free to come and go at will in the Moscow theatres. He visited theatre schools. He learned from the designers how they worked. He visited scene-painting studios and construction shops. He sat in on rehearsals of Vakhtangov, Meierhold, and Stanislavski. He attended numberless performances of plays. As a result the book seems to be a part of the living theatre of Russia.

As a practical man of the New York theatre, Mr. Houghton constantly makes interesting and revealing comparisons between the theatre of New York and the theatre of Moscow. By this method, he brings home both the defects and the high merits of both the theatre of Soviet Russia and America. His enthusiasms and animosities are vigorous and infectious, and do complete justice to probably the most alive and stimulating theatre in the world today. "Moscow Rehearsals" should belong to everyone whose concern and interest is the modern theatre.

D. O.

MEN WHO RUN AMERICA. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. $3.

When a man writes a book about industry and industrialists, he is under an obligation to put into it original information or original interpretation. Mr. Smith's pretentiously titled "study of the capitalistic system and its trends" accepts neither of these obligations. Consisting chiefly of thirty sketches of what used to be called captains of industry, it reflects little more than the author's great debt to the literature already existing on the subjects. Much of the material is so familiar as to be hackneyed and such analysis as the author presents is both confused and superficial. The point of view may be described as a sulky, but timid, liberalism. Mr. Smith is happy to shake his fist at "malefactors of great wealth," but he is always willing to admit that the man whom he is, at the moment, "studying," is possibly not, or very likely not, or almost certainly not a malefactor. At the close of his 327 pages, Mr. Smith sums up his position with the fearless and forthright statement that "Capitalism, properly administered, is the servant, not the master, of any people worthy of freedom."

Mr. Smith's book also suffers from an attempt to cover a tremendous amount of ground in a regrettably inadequate space. Most of his biographies run from seven to nine pages—or from two thousand to three thousand words. It might be possible to do a profile of, for instance, David Sarnoff, within such limits. But Mr. Smith also goes over the history of the Radio Corporation and includes an estimate of the social significance of both Mr. Sarnoff and R. C. A. Nor is Mr. Smith's style at all notable for economy of language—it is, indeed, loose, rambling, anecdotal. Witness the opening paragraph on "David Sarnoff, The Poor Immigrant's Son Who Became a Wizard of Radio":

> This is the story of a poor immigrant's son, whose family left Russia when he was a child of nine, who landed in New York ignorant of the language, and in the short span of a quarter-century raised himself by his own unaided efforts to leadership in the industry, which, more than any other, holds the key to the future of humanity. It is, perhaps, the most romantic story in this book, and by itself dramatizes the sunnier side of American capitalism.

In pre-depression days, there was a group of writers who wrote success stories about financial and industrial leaders. Their formula included a recital of their hero's childhood and youth, a few anecdotes showing that he was both sagacious and democratic, some impressive figures regarding the size of his business and the importance of his industry, and a concluding bow to the great man's greatness. Mr. Smith uses much the same formula as his predecessors except that instead of pointing with pride he is inclined to view with a rather qualified alarm.

E. D. K.

PUNCH'S PROGRESS. By Forman Brown. Macmillan. 1936. $2.

Again Mr. Punch wanders forth on adventure. How often he has played in palaces of the mighty and in remote peasant villages! How often he has won delighted respect from the clever and the simple! "Triumphant Punch," indeed. But here we have a new setting for the puppets, a fresh public. This is an American adventure, from college campus to the wooded mountains and tidy villages of New England, along the piney, red clay stretches of the South and through the patterned, tinted deserts of the West. Back and forth, back and forth, Mr.

(*Continued on page 22*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 116)

ANDREW MARVELL—
"THE GARDEN."

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green;
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name;
Little, alas! they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

MISS BETTY NIEHOFF is working for the esteemed Catholic Book Club, which has opened its new bookshop on our own 45 Street (140 East), right next door to Chris Cella's well-known tabernacle. ☞Miss Kay Steele of the Gotham Book Mart returned recently from her first trip to London, which she describes with enthusiasm. She saw the King riding in the Park and discovered that she is really a royalist at heart.

☞Miss Alma Hallenborg has left Putnam's for the Bar Harbor store of Himebaugh and Browne. ☞Lorenzo's Restaurant at 148 Chambers Street, frequented by downtown bibliophiles, has invented a Queen Mary Cocktail and printed the recipe on a broadsheet—paper by Tom Fairbanks, printing by William E. Rudge's Sons and Douglas H. Smith. ☞The pedestals of the formula are *Drambuie* ("A Link with the '45," which we always associate with 45 Street) and *Scotch Whisky* (without the e). ☞A sturdy seafaring cocktail says John Stoll, the inventor. ☞Constance Levy of the Long Island Terminal (3c per mile) Bookshop promised Old Q. she would read Esther Forbes' *O Genteel Lady* and tell us what she thought. It seemed to us a very fine novel, unusually candid about the woes of women, handicapped by a Five Little Peppers sort of jacket (the book, not the women). ☞Jocunda Vassar, who used to work in the Quercus Bookshop years ago, has a younger sister nicknamed "Tarry" (for Tarantula) partly because of her cynicism, partly because when her roommate looked up tarantula in Webster they found its bite caused "protracted dancing to appropriate music." ☞Tarry would like a job in a bookstore if she could spend all her time selling Voltaire, Pareto, and Ben De Casseres.

☞The Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowships ($1000 each) have been awarded for 1936 to Clelie Huggins of Brooklyn and Robert Penn Warren of Baton Rouge. The fellowships are given for literary projects, and the winners led a field of 836 entries. Miss Huggins, aged 20, is writing a novel of a Creole family, *Point Noir*—she grew up in Louisiana, where Mr. Warren now lives. His project is for a novel of the Kentucky tobacco war. ☞Doris Schneider is succeeding Jane Terrill as advertising manager of Longmans, Green. Miss Terrill is retiring after 12 years.

☞Even F. D. R.—whose speech of June 10 we assume was correctly quoted in the A. P. dispatch—fell into the hoariest erratum of them all when he mentioned our "constitutional guaranties of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." ☞And the Republican platform complains that "the integrity and authority of the Supreme Court have been flaunted."

☞Mr. R. B. Adam, the great book collector in Buffalo, writes us a welcome word of praise about *Lamb Always Elia* (Marshall Jones) by Professor Edith Christina Johnson of Wellesley. Miss Johnson takes issue with a recently fashionable theory that Lamb's essays were the expression of a fugitive and frustrated psyche. ☞Appleton-Century has published *Biblical Literature and its Backgrounds* by J. R. Macarthur, a fascinating and valuable companion and commentary for readers of the King James Bible. It adds greatly to the pleasure of reading the Greatest Book in the World.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER OF A MATRIARCH *Hugh Austin* (Crime Club: $2.)	Tyrannous old termagant, meriting berling erl, is shot and daughter poisoned. Sleuth Quint has field-day.	Solution a trifle cloudy but the action, characterizations, and fantastic goings-on are immensely enjoyable.	*Cum laude*
THREE SISTERS FLEW HOME *Mary Fitt* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Claribel collected men—husbands and otherwise. She gathered them all at a party—and got what was coming to her!	You have to be your own detective in this one, but for suspense, mystery, and bizarre characterizations it's amazin'.	*Tour de force*
TURQUOISE HAZARD *Alfred Betts Caldwell* (Crime Club: $2)	Aging beauty, with too many boy friends, dies horribly, which means work for Brandon of the Homicide Squad.	N. Y. society crime with lacings of marital intrigue, a purloined invention, and clever murder method.	Routine
THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF MR. BELL *Wallace Jackson* (Hopkins: $2.)	Disappearance and "murder" of stodgy Mr. Bell set Archibald Penny on gory track of Balkan secret society.	Less detecting than action, but what there is reads well and hellzapoppin most of the time.	Satisfying

THE GOOSE ON THE CAPITOL

By LEONARD BACON

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By the cackling of L. Bacon.
Many there are who will enjoy
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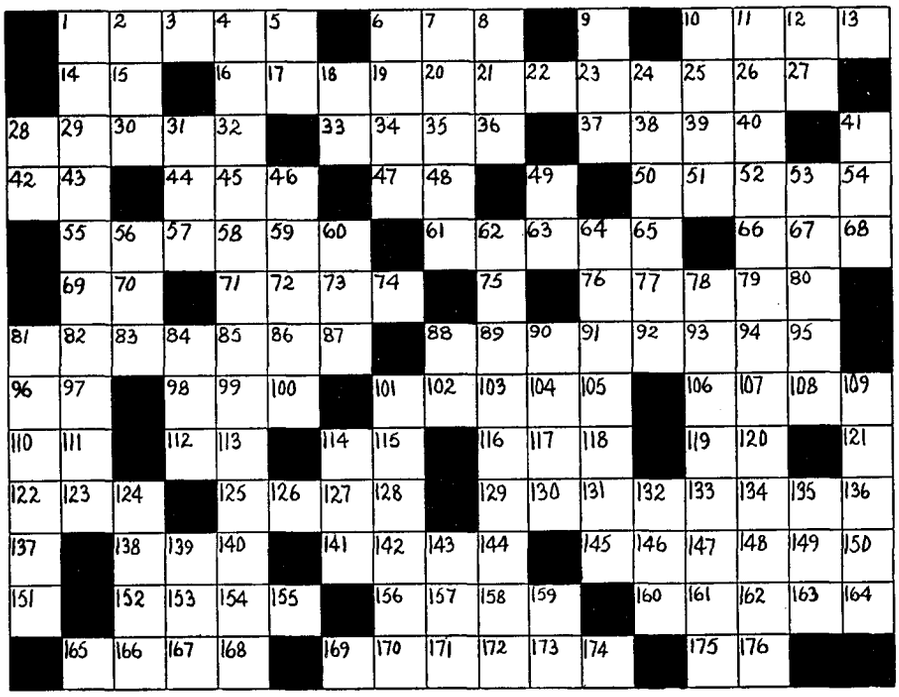
Double-Crostics: No. 117

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Deceive.

II. Impious daughter of Jezebel.

III. Back out.

IV. Balance.

V. To become buoyant.

VI. Fog signal similar to a siren.

VII. Mother of Artemis.

VIII. Editor, reviser.

IX. Absolute sovereignty.

X. Second god of Hindu Trimurti.

XI. Scintillating.

XII. Fried in butter.

XIII. Highway robbery.

XIV. Pertaining to serpents.

XV. Crackbrained (slang).

XVI. Sympathetic understanding of other than humans.

XVII. Criminal tramp.

XVIII. Unsuited.

XIX. Persons of distinction.

XX. Defeat.

XXI. Members of a South African race.

XXII. Endeavor.

XXIII. English poet (1859-1936).

XXIV. Beseech.

XXV. Swiss composer (1822-82).

XXVI. Unusual.

WORDS

92 161 97 129 81 109 145 10

169 54 153 108 163 104 88 144

4 19 117 44 151 25

119 15 48 99 103 32

77 21 131 93 143 28 96 60

13 149 9 135 34 112 89 125

59 80 175 38

137 82 49 8 65 167 31 154 71 101

78 98 152 75 128 64 102 118

166 142 39 2 110 172

114 95 150 100 23 79 165 12 91

26 7 72 155 56

74 134 37 46 86 76

47 55 122 69 160

139 63 147 174 159

5 170 58 138 87 148 90

140 3 50 43

11 24 52 18 1

94 57 36 42 106 20 123 61

156 84 51 66 141 164 30 6 113

16 14 40 62 132 173 41 85 121 22

130 68 115 171 107 33

157 146 162 27 124 35 70

176 29 111 127 73 105 53 83 158

168 116 67 120

45 17 126 136 133

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

Punch bumps his way, much of the time in an unpredictable Ford.

They are a clever, invincible lot, the Yale Puppeteers, and their marionettes are among the best in America. Forman Brown is invaluable as the witty, facile and often poetic dramatist for the marionettes, with a splendid literary background.

The story moves from one unexpected incident to another, every page a new picture. But we have more in it than the fortunes of the marionettes. Forman Brown writes with humor and beauty. His eye and pen are sensitive alike to the grotesqueries of wooden puppets, to the appeal of human beings they meet on their tour, and to the contrasting communities into which they enter for an hour of fantasy and fun. He has written a chronicle of wandering puppets and a panorama of the American scenes through which they pass. And for those interested in the art of puppetry he has scattered through his pages the best of puppet philosophy and esthetics.

H. H. J.

Brief Mention

The Charles E. Tuttle Company of Rutland, Vermont, has issued another of their reprints of famous Vermont books, *Sam Lovel's Boy, With Forest and Stream Fables,* edited by L. R. Perkins ($2.50). * * * The many admirers of D. H. Lawrence should note *D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record,* by E. T., with an introduction by J. Middleton Murry (New York, Knight Publications, $2.50). * * * An agreeable book on the Connecticut valley charged with historical reminiscence is A. Hyatt Verrill's *The Heart of Old New England* (Dodd, Mead, $3). * * * In the field of history there is an interesting group of books which must be merely noted here for lack of space to review. Hugh Braun's *The English Castle* (Scribner's, $3), is a study elaborately illustrated of the rise and decline of the castle in English architectural history. This is a book which should be particularly valuable for small libraries. The illustrations are fresh and a great addition to the text. * * * An eighteenth century figure "acclaimed by his contemporaries and ignored by posterity" and designated by the author "the brilliant failure of the Eighteenth Century" was *Carteret,* whose biography by W. Baring Pemberton is published by Longmans, Green ($5). * * * In sharp contrast is a little book on an American humorist once famous and now almost forgotten, *Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby,* by Cyril Clemens (International Mark Twain Society, Webster Groves, Mo.). * * * Compact and scholarly is W. L. McElwee's *The Reign of Charles V:* 1516-1558 (Macmillan, $2.50). * * * Those who read with interest Lloyd Lewis's *Life of Sherman* will wish to know of Anna McAllister's *Ellen Ewing,* the wife of General Sherman, just published by Benziger Brothers, New York. * * * We might note here also a revised and enlarged edition of W. F. Willoughby's *The Government of Modern States,* a textbook of considerable current value (Appleton-Century $3.25).

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PERSONALS

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